Saturday Review

JULY 18, 1959 / 25¢

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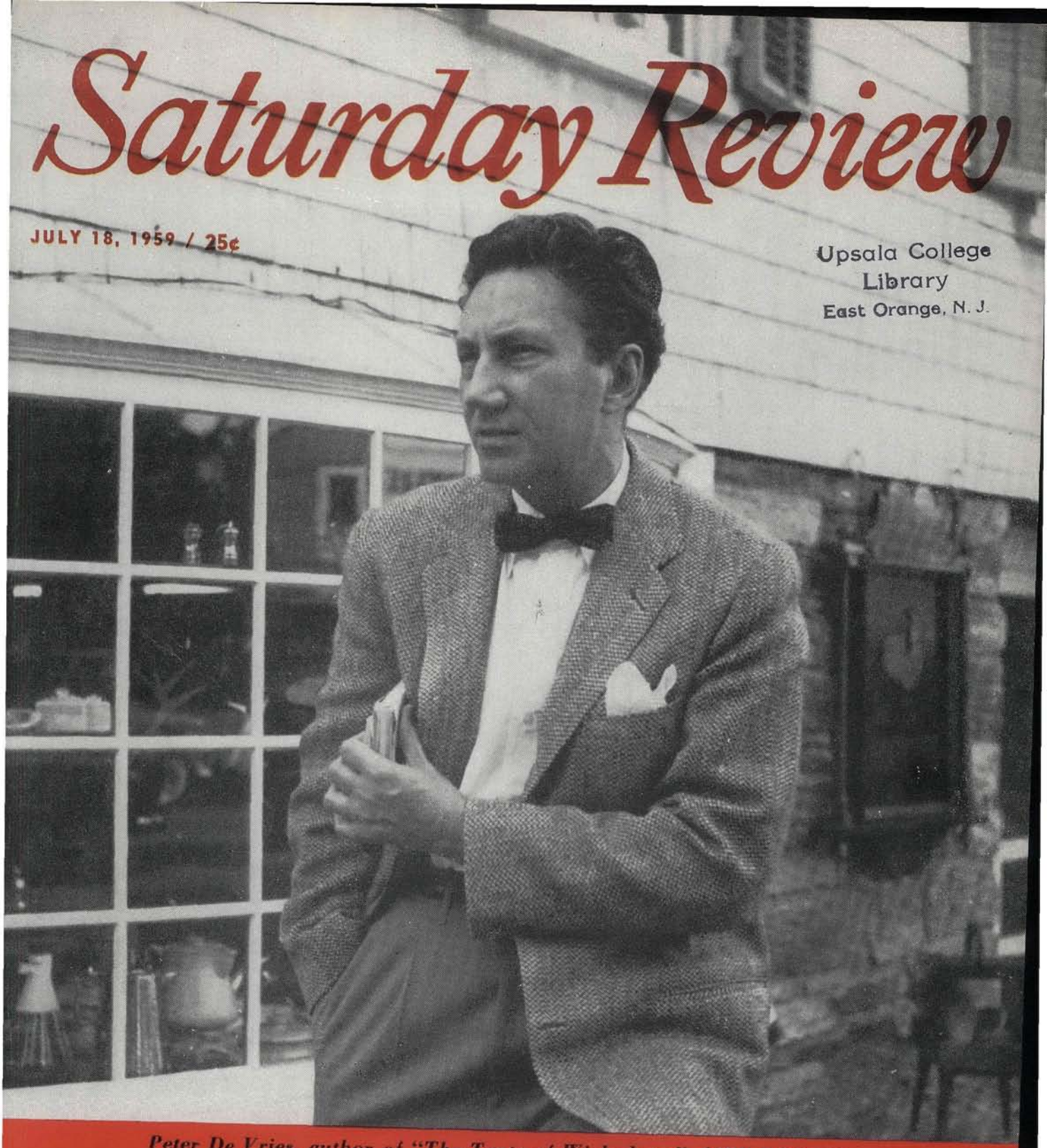

Peter De Vries, author of "The Tents of Wickedness" (SEE BOOKS)

THE MOVING FINGER WRITES—
BUT WHO CAN READ IT?

By Robert O'Brien

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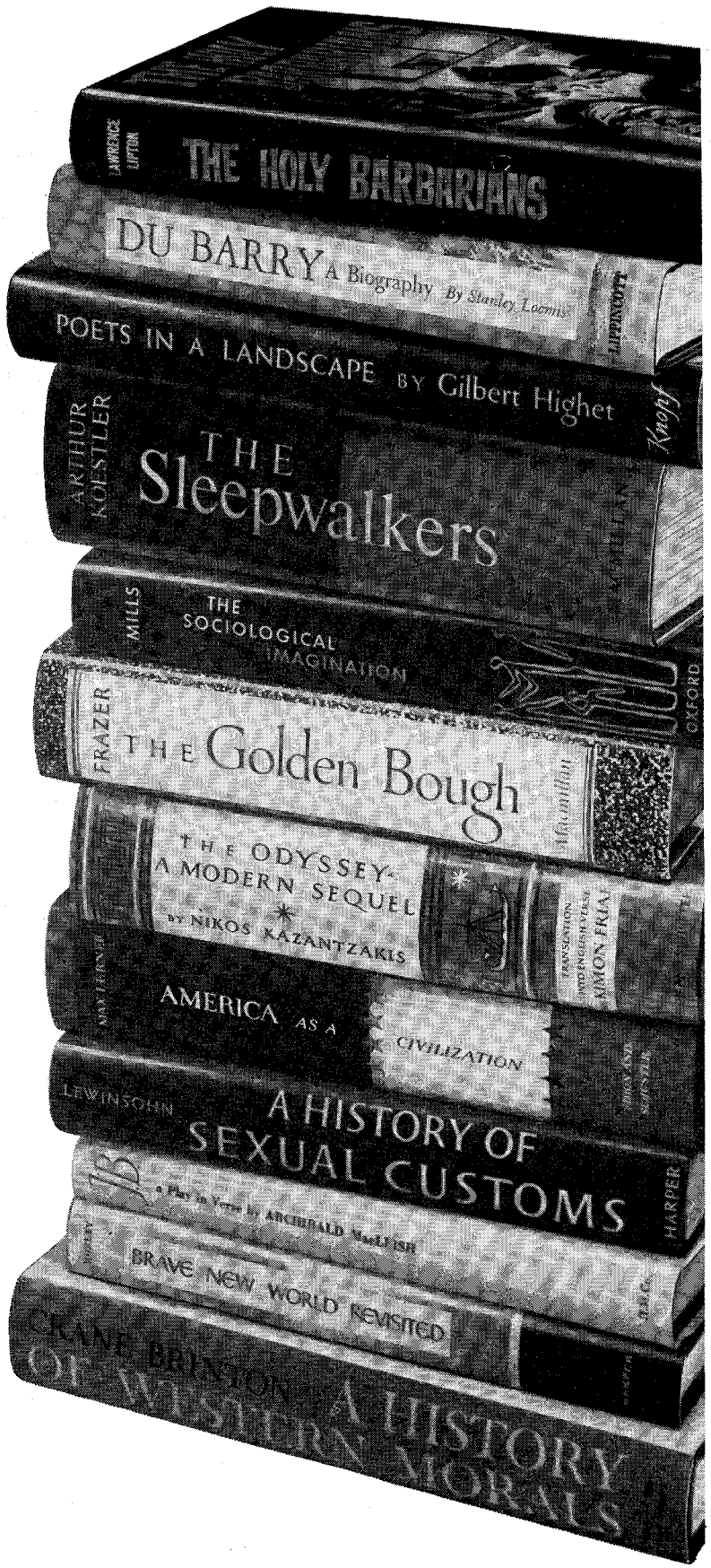

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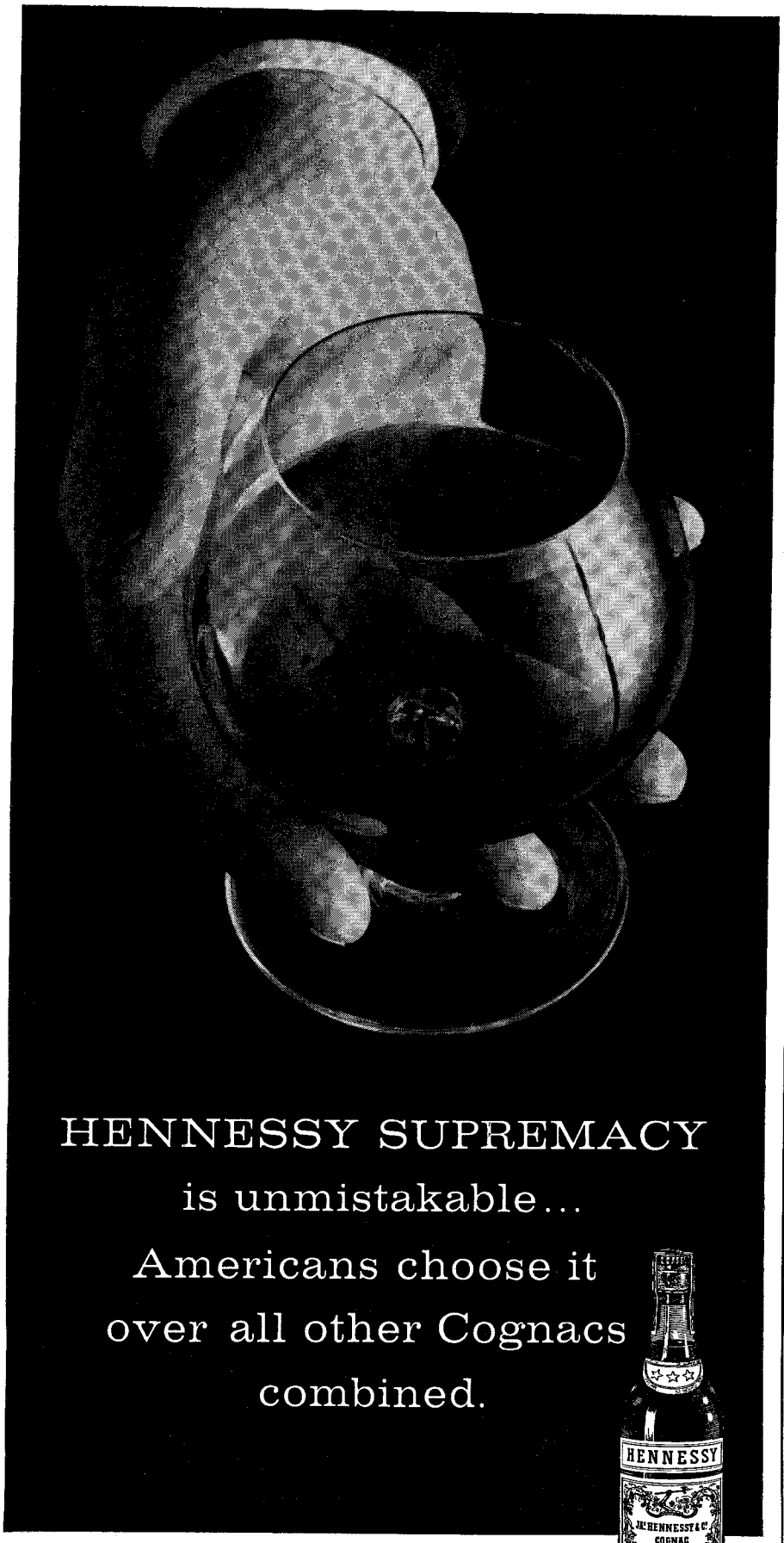

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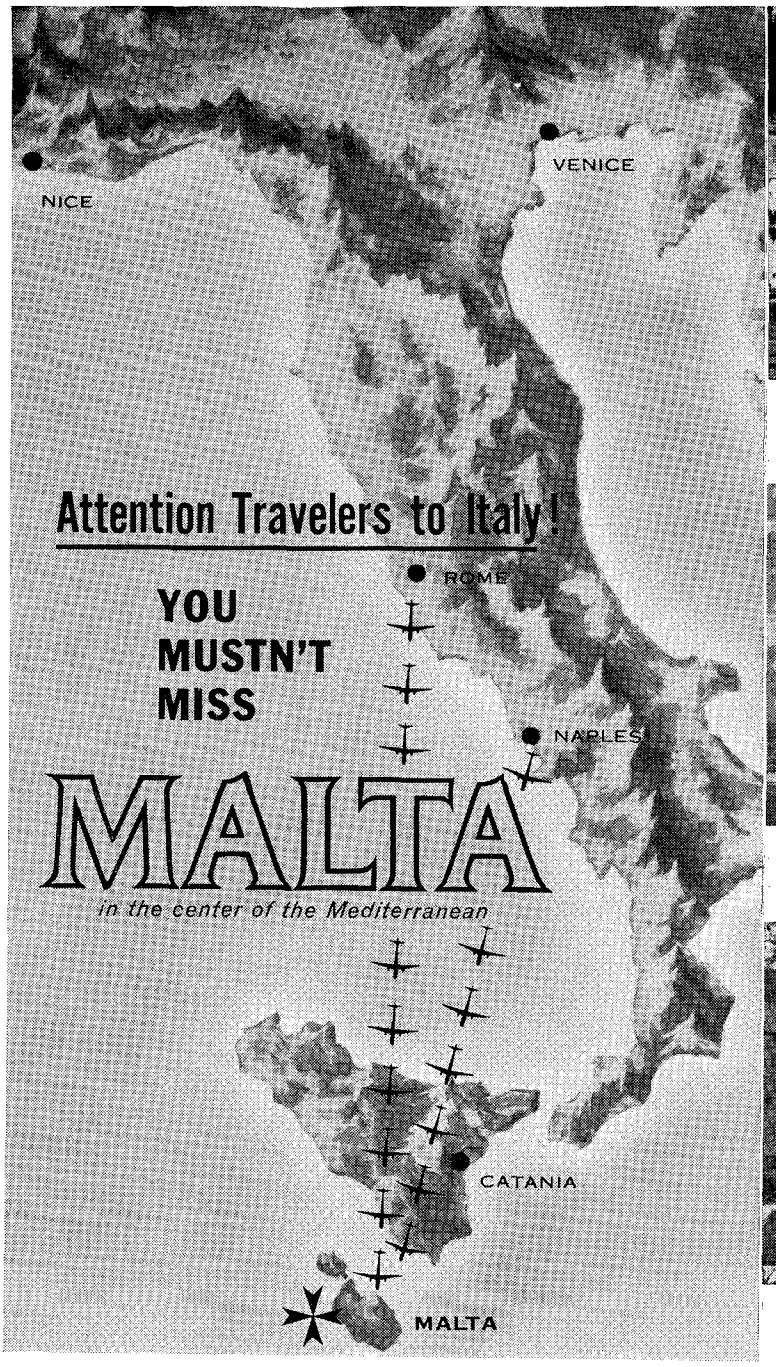
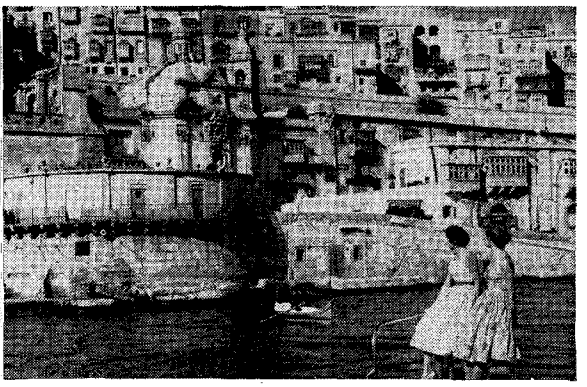
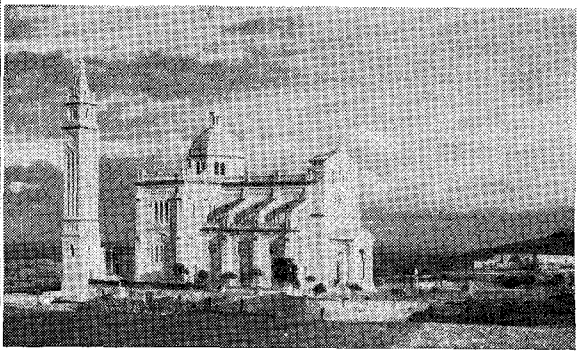
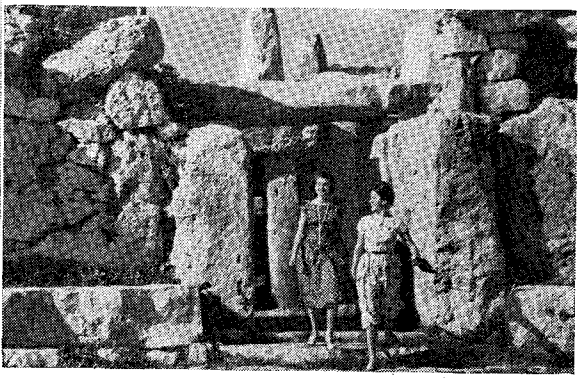




CAPITAL CITY OF VALLETTA was erected following Great Siege of 1565, when Knights of the Order of St. John led the island in repelling Ottoman Turks.



331 CHURCHES enhance the beauty of the Maltese Islands. This one is on Malta's sister island, Gozo. The shipwrecked St. Paul converted the islands in 60 A.D.



TYPICAL ANCIENT MEGALITHIC TEMPLE bespeaks Malta's fabulous past. Primitive civilization already existed when the Phoenicians arrived 5000 years ago.

5000 Years of History . . . Only 90 Minutes Away

Fabled home of the Goddess Calypso, the Maltese Islands in the Mediterranean are heir to the treasures of 5000 years of civilization—a capsule version of western culture.

Phoenicians, Carthaginians, Romans, Arabs, Normans, Spanish, French and English—all added to Malta's legacy of temples and palaces, customs and cuisine, art and culture.

The very names of the landmarks they left bring visions of a romantic past. The Hypogeum . . . ancient Megalithic temple. Mdina . . . the whispering city. Valletta . . . the city of palaces.

Valletta, in fact, is a living monument to Christianity—to the faith Malta has defended since its conversion by St. Paul in 60 A.D. Its churches and palaces are resplendent with religious art, left by Malta's Knights of St. John.

Don't, however, overlook Malta's physical charms. Swim in its crystal-clear waters. Laze on its broad beaches. See Calypso's Cave on nearby Gozo. Play golf or tennis by the blue Mediterranean. It's all within minutes of your hotel.

And would you believe it? . . . A splendid hotel room and three meals cost about $7.50 a day or less. Moreover, Malta's cuisine, like its culture, is a mixture of Europe's best.

When you visit Italy or Southern Europe, YOU MUSTN'T MISS MALTA. Ninety minutes from Rome and Naples. No visa required and no currency problems: English speaking Malta is in the Sterling area. The Malta Government Tourist Board suggests you see your travel agent.

World's Underwater Fishing Championship, August 13-18

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TRADE Winds

YOU MIGHT NOT BE aware of it, but there's a printing stoppage, as they call it in Britain, which is raising all kinds of hob with the new autumn book lists.

The Times of London reports that book production will be like a British Railways fog service.

Most distressed is the publishing firm of Weidenfeld and Nicolson, who are feeling "very murderous indeed," according to *The Times*. They had promised General de Gaulle that they would publish the second volume of his war memoirs on Bastille Day, and are now unable to keep their promise.

"All de Gaulle should never have been divided into two parts," said a member of the firm.

THE BRITISH HAVE a knack of ascribing euphemistic terms to rather unpleasant matters.

A "printing stoppage" sounds so much more delicate than a printing strike. A pub has it all over a saloon. The underground is certainly more inviting than a subway, and petrol has a ring all its own compared to plain old gas.

And it would be only the British who would nurture along a word like "posh." Its origin is said to spring from travelers to and from India in the grand old days of the Empire. The preferred staterooms on the ships were on the port side on the way to India; on the starboard on the way back to England.

As a simple code, the word "posh" stood for port, out-bound; starboard, homeward bound.

FROM BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN comes the story of two strangers standing on a street in Moscow looking over a spanking new Chrysler limousine.

Said the first Muscovite: "Boy, they sure make good cars in the USSR, don't they?"

Said the second: "Don't you know a Detroit Chrysler when you see one?"

Said the first: "Yes, but I don't know *you*."

JERRY CHESTER, the ABC network executive freshly returned from a visit to Russia, finds that the old game of goofing off from work can run under any system.

"I was assigned an attractive girl as a guide-interpreter, and apparently she had a heavy date for the next afternoon. She begged me to request her for that time, and double up with another guide to leave her free for the date. I was glad to help the cause of romance—but downright amazed that she trusted an American capitalist like me.

"Russians are like Texans," he went on to say. "Everything's got to be a little bigger and better. One guide pointed out that the water consumption in Moscow was second only to that of Chicago. I didn't have time to check, but I have a faint suspicion this might be because of leaky faucets."

IN SPITE OF the sticky political climate, the USSR and the United States are exchanging expositions, with much fanfare, and for some time now Americans have been downing vodka with a genuine nonpolitical thirst.

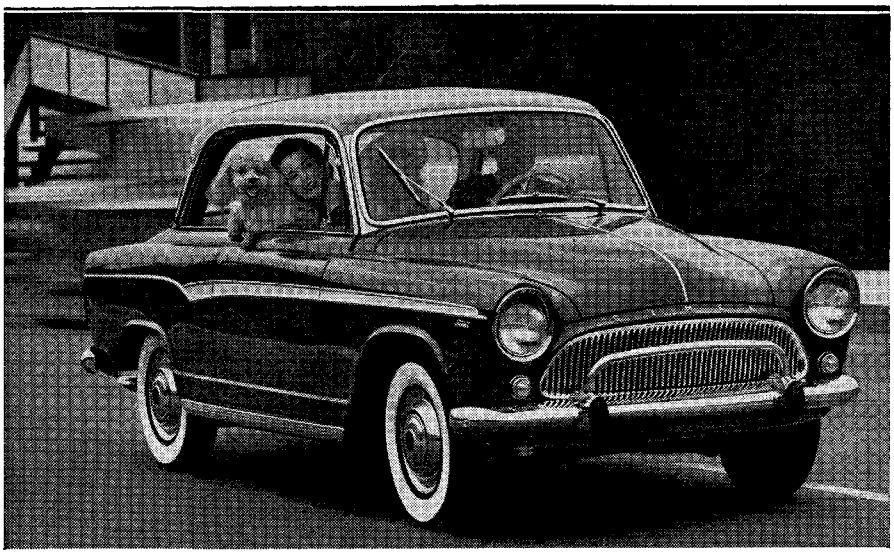
To writer Paddy Schweitzer, this fact was emphasized with traumatic suddenness.

While repairing a door hinge, he sent his seven-year-old son George for a screw driver. Within seconds, George called back from the kitchen:

"I've got the orange juice here, but I can't find the vodka!"

PEOPLE ARE STILL continuing to get more things mixed up. The literati of Asheville, N. C., were a little stunned to see in the *Asheville Citizen* of April 24 that Thomas Wolfe, of Cordova Street, was arrested for public drunkenness. Hale Chamberlain wrote us this: "The ghost of Tom Wolfe seems to still be brawling in Altamount."

Thyrza Funk, of Cleveland Heights, writes to say that she found Eliot's "The Cocktail Party" and MacDonald's "The Egg and I" both resting in the Home Arts section of a Western Reserve book-exchange affair. Leonard Gregory, of Pasadena, was browsing through a Hollywood bookstore to find "Anatomy of Melancholy" adjacent to "Gray's Anatomy" on the medical-book shelf. In the



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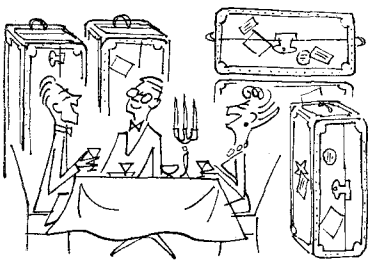
same store was Dostoevski's "Crime and Punishment" in the Criminology Section.

"The store is now defunct," Mr. Gregory concludes tersely.

TO HAVE LUNCH at home with Garson Kanin and his charming wife, Ruth Gordon, is bound to result in a special kind of mix-up. The food is unequaled—but so is the conversation. You are constantly torn between the two.

We arrived at the Kanin's midtown brownstone just a day or two after they had appeared on "Person to Person" to find them fully recovered from the television invasion force, but still not fully unpacked from a visit to Paris. Five steamer trunks surrounded the dining-room table as



a nostalgic reminder of the trip. Outside the dining room, a garden terrace made you feel for all the world that you were in Charleston or Williamsburg, rather than in Manhattan.

Kanin, one of the finest craftsmen of the theatre, was eager to compare the differences between writing a play and a novel. (His new novel, "Blow Up a Storm," has just been published.)

"When you write a play," he said, "you're writing for a houseful of people. When you write a book, you're writing for one person in an armchair. The style and approach must be quite different. I found that I was writing more intimately and leisurely in my novel.

"I keep remembering many of the things Thornton Wilder has said to me. His thought is that a writer's main problem is to find his subject. This is never easy. 'Born Yesterday' turned out to be an entirely different play from the one I started to write. I was in Washington only for a short time before I became shocked with some of the operations going on there. I was determined to write a serious play about it.

"It turned out to be a comedy—but I hope it still accomplished the same serious purpose: to show that democracy and education are a loving couple.

"My target in 'Blow Up a Storm' is simple and direct: How are the people in the world going to learn to live on this shrinking chunk of dirt together? The racial problem is the most important issue facing us today. I don't—and probably no individual can—understand all the ramifications. But I do understand what happened to me when I was working with a jazz combo.

"In telling the story of the birth, life, and death of a jazz band, I'm hoping to show the bigger canvas of the racial problem. But readers—and playgoers—are never interested in issues or ideas. They're interested in people. 'Blow Up a Storm' could actually be about a baseball team or a platoon in the army. I've known and worked in the jazz world, and know the people intimately.

"That's why they're telling my story for me."

THE PUBLICATION OF Bob Crichton's "The Great Impostor" has brought with it some fascinating behind-the-scenes incidents that mark the character of the biographical subject: Fred Demara.

Demara is the man who posed as a surgeon lieutenant, a prison warden, a doctor of philosophy, a monk, and a dozen other identities. He is still at large at this moment, ". . . on the biggest caper of them all," as he told Crichton on a long distance call from an unidentified place the last time they talked. ("He'll show up again soon," Crichton commented. "He's bound to.")

During the writing of the book, Demara came to visit the Crichtons for a couple of weeks to put the finishing touches on the manuscript and to sign contracts at Random House.

As Demara got ready to leave, he asked Bob's wife, Judy, to help him pack.

Judy was glad to oblige.

But as she completed tucking some odds and ends into his suitcase, her eyes fell on something that certainly did not belong to Mr. Demara.

It was two dozen sheets and envelopes of Bennett Cerf's personal letterhead. —JOHN G. FULLER.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1320)

V. PETERSON:
NO MATTER THE NAME
(THE FACTS ARE THE SAME)

To the extent that historical novelists are serious, they seek to illuminate the present by uncovering the past. Ironically enough, however, it is not by their knowledge of the facts but by the quality of their imagination that they stand or fall.

Chess Corner—19

HOW far ahead does the chessmaster see is a question that puzzles the layman. One move, two moves, ten moves, or is it many more moves? The answer, to be sure, is the fewer the better. The master usually sets out to play a pattern with which he is familiar and which, he believes, will lead to advantage at best and equality at worst. Within that strategic pattern, he is on a move-to-move basis, tactically checking and rechecking each play from the point of view of attack and defense, ranging over such matters as necessity and economy to force and restraint. General principles govern and guide him. When the position becomes complicated, he relies on experience, judgment, and occasionally on intuition. Only in a single liner—a variation to which there is only one reply, more or less, to each of a series of given moves—is he capable of advanced reckoning.

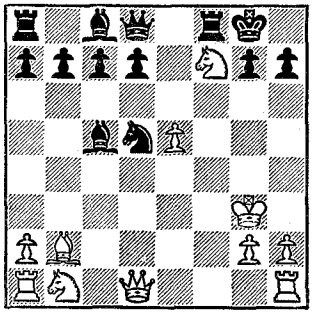
Below we witness the triumph of mind over matter in a single liner, involving a Queen sacrifice, in which eleven moves had to be projected. It was played in Warsaw in 1844.

GIUOCO PIANO

	Hoffman (White)		Petroff (Black)	
1	P-K4	P-K4	4 P-B3	N-B3
2	N-KB3	N-QB3	5 P-Q4	PxP
3	B-B4	B-B4	6 P-K5	N-K5
	7 B-Q5		NxKBP?!	

The sacrifice is undoubtedly a speculation, since it is impossible to foresee its outcome.

8 KxN	PxPch	10 BxP	N-K2
9 K-N3	PxP	11 N-N5?	NxB
12 NxBP		O-O-!	



13 NxQ .....

White is lost in any case. Now Black mates in eleven.

13	B-B7ch	19 K-N4	R-B3ch
14 K-R3	P-Q3ch	20 K-R4	R-B5ch
15 P-K6	N-B5ch	21 K-N5	N-K3ch
16 K-N4	NxKP	22 K-R5	P-N3ch
17 P-N3	NxNch	23 K-R6	R-R5ch
18 K-N5	R-B4ch	24 PxR	B-K6 mate

—AL HOROWITZ.

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Saturday Review
JULY 18, 1959

THE MOVING FINGER WRITES— BUT WHO CAN READ IT?

By Robert O'Brien

IN WASHINGTON, D.C., a truck driver misread a carelessly formed "4" for a "7" in a handwritten order, and pumped 285 gallons of fuel oil through a disconnected intake—into the basement of the wrong house. In Connecticut, a housewife dashed off a note asking the milkman to leave three quarts of chocolate milk. The next morning, neatly stacked at the back door, were eight cartons of cottage cheese. In a New England city, a man stepped up to a bank teller's window and shoved a note under the wicket. In bold scratchwork it said, "Wug I thiie a www cxzllmnhd!" The jittery teller kicked his alarm button, bells clanged, police converged on the bank and nabbed the man. They discovered that he was a respectable businessman with laryngitis. What the note said was "May I have a new checkbook?"

Bad handwriting doesn't always have results this bizarre. Still, illegibility on a national scale piles up astonishing statistics. An estimated million letters—each one, without a doubt, of importance to someone—wound up as "dead letters" in U.S. Post Offices last year because poorly written names or numerals made delivery impossible. Most of 400,000 Federal income-tax refunds totaling millions of dollars were delayed in the spring of 1958 because Internal Revenue personnel were unable to read the handwriting of the claimants.

The Handwriting Foundation, which was established by the nation's leading pen and pencil manufacturers to promote better handwriting, estimates that commercial errors due to illegible penmanship are costing U.S. businessmen approximately a million dollars a week in scrambled orders, lost time, missent deliveries, clerical mistakes, billing and inventory foul-ups, and other forms of expensive inefficiency. Automation in business offices by no means eliminates handwritten paper work. In a regional office of a large oil company, a card-punch operator misread a poorly penned numeral and fed the wrong rate into her machine. In a twinkling, 2,000 incorrect invoices shot out the other end.

Bad handwriting also has ways of playing hob with our private lives. We boast the highest literacy rate in history, yet some of us can't make out our wives' shopping lists, our children's homework papers, or what the waiter scribbles on our dinner checks. I have friends whose penmanship resembles seismograph recordings of the San Francisco earthquake.

Whenever I hear from them I can't help remembering what Thomas Bailey Aldrich once wrote a professor in reply to the professor's totally illegible letter: "It was very pleasant to me to get a letter from you the other day. Perhaps I should have found it pleasanter if I had been able to decipher it. I don't think that I mastered anything beyond the date (which I knew) and the signature (which I guessed at). There's a singular and a perpetual charm in a letter of yours; it never grows old, it never loses its novelty . . . Other letters are read and thrown away and forgotten, but yours are kept forever—unread. One of them will last a reasonable man a lifetime."

A recent survey of 850 secretaries shows that 40 per cent of American executive and professional handwriting ranges from "hard to read" to "downright dreadful." One secretary said her boss, an advertising agency vice-president, wrote like an Egyptian of the reign of Ramses II. Engineers, accountants, and building executives were rated the best penmen. Architects, insurance men, and chemical engineers received a general grading of 50 per cent illegibility.

Editors, of course, are notoriously poor handwriters. Horace Greeley's script, according to a contemporary, resembled "the tracks of a drunken hen." They say that the penmanship of the late Colonel Henry Watterson, the fire-eating editor of *The Louisville Courier-Journal*, was somewhat clearer than Greeley's, but not much. Once, the story goes, Colonel Watterson decided he'd had just about enough of a certain printer. In his wildest hand he dashed off a scorching inter-office note telling the printer that he was fired. The next day the printer applied for work at another print shop near by. "Any references?" the boss asked. The printer handed him Watterson's note. The boss studied it carefully. He checked the scribbled signature. His face broke into a welcoming smile. "Hang up your coat, my friend," he said. "Anyone good enough for Henry Watterson is good enough for us."

A Columbia College of Pharmacy professor has been quoted as saying that the average druggist "must stand on his head at least once a day trying

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to read what a doctor has written." And even a druggist can make mistakes. My doctor told me a story he heard a month or so ago at a convention in Atlantic City, about the society matron who asked a doctor to a dinner party. She couldn't make heads or tails of his reply. "Why not take it down to the druggist?" suggested her husband. "If anyone can read it, he can." Thinking this a brilliant stroke indeed, the matron drove downtown. She handed the druggist the note. "Can you please —?" she began. The druggist cut her off with a tolerant smile. "Just a minute, ma'am." He vanished with the note into the back of the store. In a little while he reappeared with a small bottle of medicine. "Thank you for waiting, ma'am," he said. "That'll be $1.25."

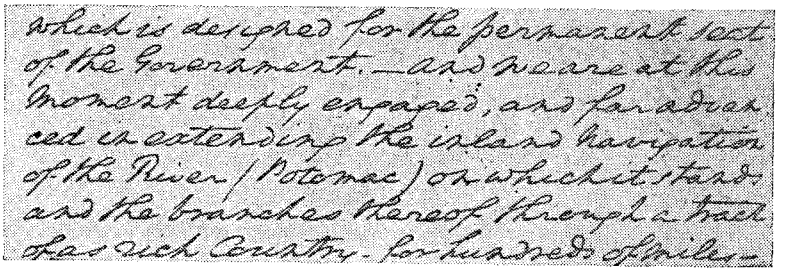
HAVE we always been a nation with sloppy handwriters? I think of a letter of George Washington's that I saw not long ago—an unimportant personal note to the rector of his church. Every line of the immaculate script bespoke Washington the gentleman, full of courtesy and grace. And every word, every letter was beautifully formed, unmistakably clear. Most Americans used to be pretty good penmen. What has happened? Corner-cutting school systems pared grade-school penmanship teachers from the payroll in the depression years of the 1930s and never put them back. Teachers' colleges, stressing general education rather than classroom techniques, turned out few graduates qualified to teach handwriting. The elaborate letter-styling and humdrum "push-pull" drills of the old writing methods became almost as archaic as the McGuffey reader and the hickory switch.

For example: In a small city in Pennsylvania, an elementary-school official told me that the pupils from the first through the sixth grades are receiving an average of only fifteen to twenty minutes a week of formal instruction in penmanship. After that, he said, the students are largely on their own.

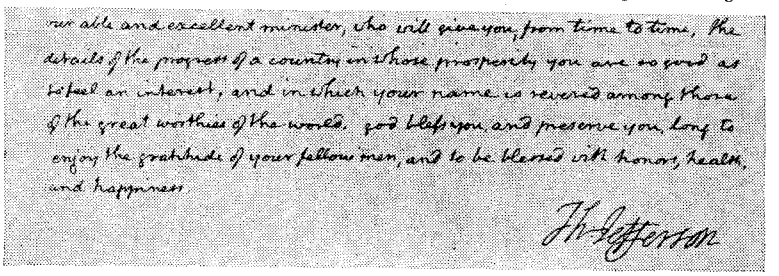
But lack of sufficient training is not the only cause of poor handwriting. Until he reached college, a friend of mine wrote a commendable script. There, under pressure of high-speed note-taking, it broke up into a hieroglyphic shorthand. A hotelman told me, "You can almost trace a man's career by his signature. When he starts out in life, it's clear, earnest and legible. The higher he climbs, the worse it gets."

A graphologist—an expert who reads character from handwriting—offered this explanation: at the bot-

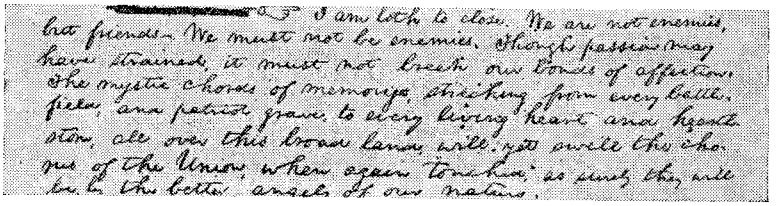
Our Presidents Write



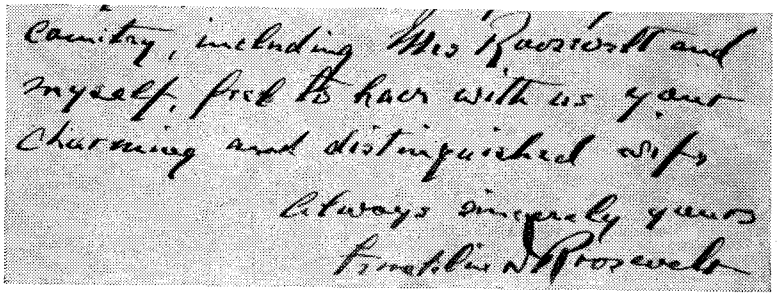
George Washington.



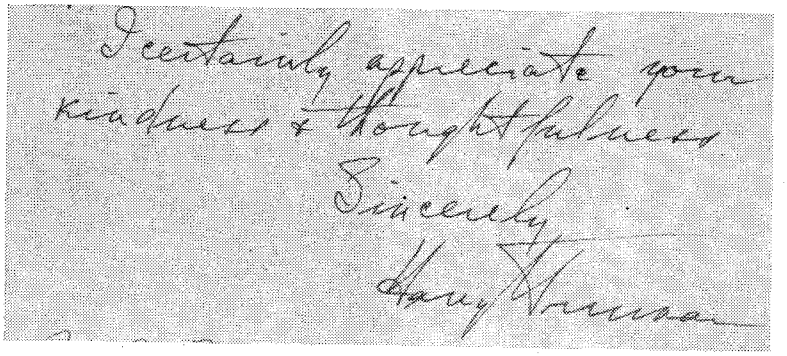
Thomas Jefferson.



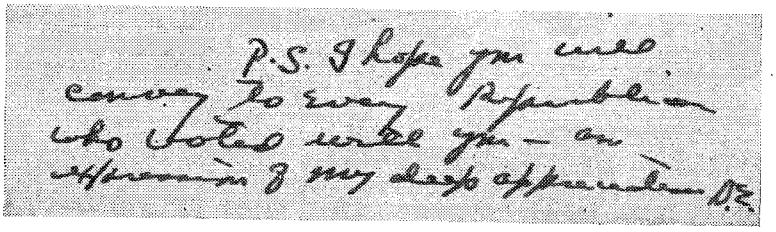
Abraham Lincoln.



Franklin D. Roosevelt.



Harry Truman.



Dwight D. Eisenhower.

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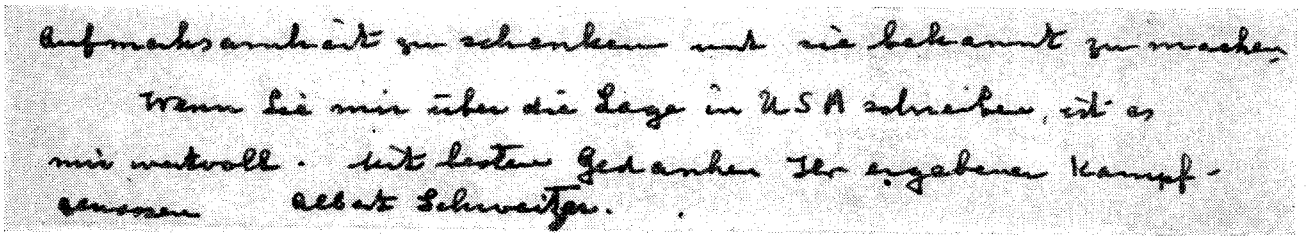


Albert Schweitzer.

tom of the ladder, the man is considerate, conscientious, hard-working, anxious to make a good impression—qualities reflected in his straightforward script. In the rough-and-tumble of competitive life, however, he has less time for such basic details. As a result, his writing becomes hasty.

"Handwriting," the expert went on, "reveals your character more than you may realize. Reputable graphologists are careful not to jump to conclusions, but there are a few safe generalizations. Regular, steady handwriting, for instance, usually indicates a person of strong will. A straggling hand suggests a moody, fickle person. If your letters are rounded, you are probably generous and sympathetic. If they are sharp and pointed, you're apt to be set in your ways, perhaps a little intolerant. If your writing tilts sharply to the left, you may be repressed and introverted; if it leans sharply to the right, you're likely to be an affectionate, outgoing person."

There are no grounds for fear that improving your handwriting will rob it of individuality. So long as you do not slavishly copy the script of the handwriting manuals, it will remain as uniquely yours as your fingerprints.

This is true of even so stylized a script as Italic handwriting, which is modeled upon the lettering of fifteenth-century Italian Renaissance scholars, and which is currently enjoying a solid revival in England. Aubrey West, one of the movement's leaders, says in his delightful book "Written by Hand," ". . . The observance of a fine historical model will no more destroy the inevitable subtleties of an individual's character than does the observance of good standards of speech. In fact, the form and expression with which each individual adapts the models will give an originality and character in beautiful and legible terms that will reveal both to him and his friends new worlds."

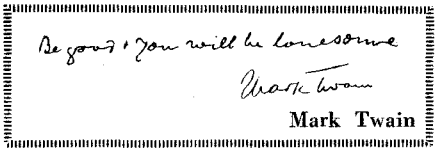
An aunt of mine wrote such a small, indistinct hand that I had a hard time deciphering her letters. Suddenly, though she still wrote small, I could read every word. She had the thoughtful idea of using a finer penpoint and writing more distinctly. "Now," she writes, "I must keep a desk that lives up to my handwriting. It's never been tidier. For the first time in my life, I know where everything is!"

And by a fascinating quirk of human nature, handwriting improvement may even lead to self-improvement. Psychologists believe, for example, that if you make a conscious effort to be more considerate of others by writing more clearly, you may find yourself acting more courteously at home, in your job, on the highway.

The rewards of readable handwriting are far from intangible. In a recent Handwriting Foundation survey of several hundred personnel directors, 88 per cent regarded legible handwriting as an important factor in landing a job; 29 per cent used it as a standard for promotion. The employment manager of a large department store put it in practical terms. He spread eight application forms across his desk. On all eight the penmanship was slipshod, hard to read. "These applicants were turned down," he said. "Their illegible sales slips would create extra work for our accounting division, cause customer complaints, destroy good will and lose business."

Four years ago, Philadelphia businessmen complained so about the deplorable handwriting of the city's high-school graduates that school officials launched a drive for better penmanship. They came up with a new look in the alphabet—practical, simple, with no old-school flourishes. They called it the "Philadelphia Simplified Alphabet," and prepared manuals, wall charts, and teaching guides.

Today nearly 171,000 Philadelphia public-school pupils — fully 75 per cent of the total of 227,000—are learning the new handwriting method. And from the samples, they're doing it well—you could read every word.



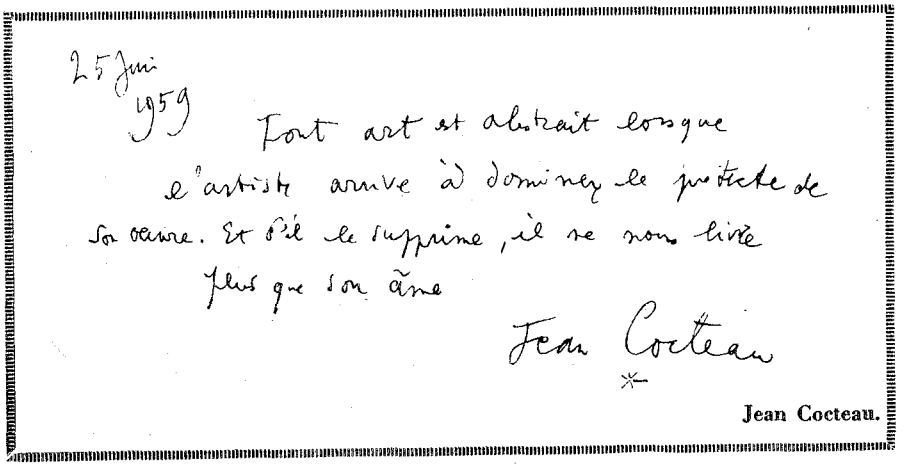
Mark Twain

Much of the trouble, the educators found, was caused by fancy capital letters, so they pruned all unnecessary and potentially misleading "scrollwork." They insisted on such things as this: that *t*'s contain no loop and that they be clearly crossed (to avoid confusion with *l*'s); that the loop of an *e* be clearly kept open; that great care be taken to distinguish between potentially lookalike numerals such as 4's, 7's and 9's; 3's and 8's; 6's and 0's. They insisted that a one-letter space be left between words, that all letters slant the same way, be uniform in size, and look as though they rest on a straight line whether there are lines on the page or not.

After seeing the difference these changes made, I went to work on my own capitals, numerals, and loops. With patience and practice, I trimmed out a dozen flowery kinks that had cluttered my handwriting for years. The result was a gratifying improvement in legibility, neatness, and writing speed.

During the process, incidentally, I

(*Continued on page* 39)



Jean Cocteau.

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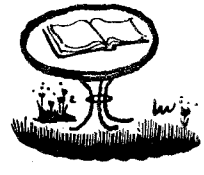
Will There Always Be an English Periodical?

By MALCOLM BRADBURY, *who is a regular contributor to* Punch *and* The Spectator *and is traveling in this country on a fellowship.*

LITERARY periodicals, like some marriages, seem to flourish best under conditions of strife and rebellion, and perhaps this explains why, in the present English literary scene, things look none too lively in the world of the magazines. Literary papers exist under the domination of two groups: those who have something to say, and those who wish to hear what is said. They represent on both sides some energizing impulse, existing by virtue of the fact that people want to write about (and read about) matters of prevailing interest to them. In the heyday of the little magazine in England, in the years before and during the First World War, people started magazines because they had so many new things to say, things that couldn't be said in the older journals, which were identified with the literary and intellectual establishment. New magazines are needed all the time—even the most radical little papers, like *Poetry* (Chicago), become old and staid as the movement they represent becomes accepted—and if we accept Matthew Arnold's case that the intellectual periodical is an index of the proper circulation of the active ideas of the time, then we may well wonder if in England the intellectual situation has not sadly declined. Not only are there few new magazines, but many of the older ones have disappeared from the scene.

Since the eighteenth century, the English literary and intellectual periodical has played a large part in the intellectual scene, tending more and more to take an interest in new ideas and ways of writing developing in its time. In our own century it has been very much on the leading edge of literature. Unable to assume a native gentility and a civilized interest among all persons of good will, the modern periodicals depended upon a new kind of relationship with their readers. The fund of support they could depend on in the society had diminished, and the new audience was less the civilized middle- and upper-class reader, more those with specialized interests in the arts. The new function of the review, one that could scarcely have been formulated in the nineteenth century was, in Allen Tate's neat phrase, "not to give the public what it wants, or what it thinks it wants, but what, through the medium of its most intelligent members, it ought to have." By 1908 there had grown up in the arts the knowledge that the dominant culture of English society was becoming, increasingly, one inferior to that for which the serious artist was writing.

WHAT existed in England between 1908 and 1915 were just those conditions under which the little magazine flourishes best: an upsurge of new, revolutionary literary activity; the association of writers in groups; a consciousness that there was something new to be said and that the artist's task was to find a new way to say it; an ebullience and vitality and sense of publicity; and a sensation among writers of being out of contact with their peers. Over these years there appeared a great number of magazines, for it was through this agency that the new spirit, opinions, and techniques could be conveyed to the small and actively interested public, which is the other necessary element in the process. These were the first real "little magazines" and in them most of the writers who were to become considerable figures in the 1920s and 1930s were published. The period was an iconoclastic carnival in the arts; to some extent the revolution, with its talk of explosions and blasts, its wry looks at the future, presaged the coming war. There was, according to Wyndham Lewis, a ferment of the artistic intelligence in the west of Europe, full of titanic stirrings and snortings—a new art coming into flower to celebrate a new age. (And one of the important magazines was A. R. Orage's *New Age.*) Ford Madox Hueffer (later F. M. Ford), whose magazine *The English Review* was, between 1908 and 1910, to provide the new activity with what it needed has told how "Les Jeunes" (he named Pound, Lawrence, Lewis, Norman Douglas, F. S. Flint, "H. D," Richard Aldington, and T. S. Eliot) "made a great deal of noise in a city that was



preparing to reverberate with echoes of blasts still greater." They came together, he said, to plot "the blowing of Parnassus to the moon" and came near to doing it; they stood for "the Non-Representational in the Arts; for *Vers Libre*; for symbols in Prose, *tapage* in Life, and Death to Impressionism." There were more causes at stake, of course, but between them they formed a movement, away from some things, toward others, vague at first in form—and, as Hueffer points out, "a Movement in the Arts—*any* Movement—leavens a whole Nation with astonishing rapidity; its ideas pour through the daily, the weekly and the monthly press . . . until at last they reach the Quarterlies and disturb even the Academicians asleep over their paper-baskets. . . ."

IT WAS, as Hueffer said, like an opening world. It was all part of a general disturbance in the field of ideas, one that Bertrand Russell had sensed at Cambridge around the turn of the century in philosophy, and one that made the young feel that they were ready to take over and sweep clean. Little magazines have a touch of revolution about them—they are opposed to things as they are, and the rash of little magazines that broke out in England at this time did much to change the entire mood and spirit of English literature. Just as in America the growth of the little magazine helped to mark a change in the centers of literary activity—a movement from the East to the Middle West, from the genteel tradition to the new regionalists, from the European-orientated to the literary isolationists—so the English revolution marked a change, not against the standards of the Brahmin tradition, but against those of the gentleman amateur. It was, in its way, a class change, a change in the social background of the writer. The new papers—Hueffer's *English Review*, John Middleton Murry's *Rhythm* (later called *The Blue Review*), Harold Monro's *Poetry Review* (later *Poetry and Drama* and later still *The Chapbook*), *The New Freewoman* (later called *The Egoist*), Wyndham Lewis's revolutionary *Blast*, and a host of others were all filled with the excitement of the period, and brought into the public domain a host of new writers, including Pound and Eliot, Lawrence and Katherine Mansfield, Aldous Huxley and the Sit-

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wells. There was a sudden and increased consciousness of the American contribution to English literature, a consciousness that owed its source largely to the efforts first of Pound and later of Eliot.

The period had a true vigor that manifested itself in its literary papers; and by comparison the current scene shows a real lack of energy. Some of this decline may be traced to social causes. In this century, when what is literature and what is journalism have become so widely separated, the literary magazine has almost no circulation at all; it exists, almost, on sufferance. Small poetry magazines have circulations smaller than the number of poets submitting to them. It may be claimed that literature has deliberately made itself more difficult and has only itself to blame; but there is the countervailing point that other forms of entertainment have made themselves too easy, have made a virtue of their easiness—so that literature now looks like hard work. Hence the literary periodical is frequently run at a loss. There is a hard fight for survival in such a situation and, not surprisingly, this influences the character of the work these papers contain; they almost become the meeting ground of a resistance movement, holding values sharply different from those generally in play. Thus the decline of the literary and intellectual periodical—and in England at regular intervals throughout the century we have been mourning the demise of one and then another of these papers—is not entirely a matter of the failure of the intellectuals to be relevant. But, to recall Pound's dictum, energy does usually express itself, and one suspects these days a real lack of it.

What is the situation now? Of the great intellectual reviews of the last century and of the early years of this, only a few remain. There is *The Spectator*, *The New Statesman* (itself the grave of *The Nation*, which was in turn the grave of the excellent *Athenaeum*) and *Time and Tide*, which exists precariously and may close at any time. These three are the remainder of the once large corps of weekend reviews. Of the monthlies there is *The Twentieth Century*, once *The Nineteenth Century*, which has produced some very lively issues in the last few years. A few quarterlies survive but are little read. It may be remarked that in the speedier life of our time the sober and leisurely review has less place, and indeed some of their function may have shifted to two Sunday papers, *The Observer* and *The Sunday Times*, which contain much perceptive commentary and review but which lack the considered air and the lengthy analysis of the weekend review or the quarterly. Both these papers have lately registered large increases in circulation, though one suspects that the change is within the structure of Sunday newspaper reading, for here there has been a tendency for taste to gravitate to the two extremes by a kind of centrifugal force, which is robbing the middle-brow papers of some of their readership.

Then there is the monthly *Encounter*, a lively venture devoted to current affairs, literature, and the arts, with wide international interests and a considerable American contribution; one of its editors is English (Stephen Spender), the other American (Melvin J. Lasky, who has just taken over from Irving Kristol). *The London Magazine*, edited by John Lehmann, a monthly, is the only wide-circulation literary periodical, and even its fairly large circulation has not been enough to keep it out of financial difficulties. By comparison with Lehmann's magazines in the thirties, which were full of excitement, it has (like the modern *Poetry*) a sober air. *Horizon*, *Life and Letters Today*, and *Penguin New Writing* have disappeared, and if this is not sad—many such magazines express a current passion and then, naturally, die—what is sad is that there have been no replacements for them.

Academic criticism has F. W. Bateson's *Essays in Criticism*, with a circulation, a few years ago, of about 1,600. Poetry has recourse to one or two excellent little magazines, such as *Listen*, edited by George Hartley from Hessle, Yorkshire, and one of the stamping grounds of the new movement. There are a few other little magazines, such as *Gemini*, a well-produced venture from the universities of Oxford and Cambridge, which appears only three times a year to exhibit the work of many lively young writers, not just in universities, and *Enquiry*, a new occasional venture produced by graduates at Nottingham University and showing a strong interest in logical analysis and its consequences in literary criticism and philosophy. There is a lively theatre magazine, *Encore*. There are a few other group ventures. There is *The Universities and Left Review*, reviving the question of political commitment in literature.

The small number of papers produces several depressing consequences. One is the decline of the short story: with the disappearance of most of the periodicals that specifically seek the good short story, there is little incentive to write them. Likewise there has never been as powerful a critical activity in England as in America, partly because of want of places to publish. Literature can be created by periodicals; there is a balance between the existence of magazines and production in which each is an incentive to the other. One ob-

(*Continued on page* 40)

"I think I should tell you—this isn't a costume."

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LITERARY HORIZONS

Portrait of a Nonconformist

By Granville Hicks

MARK HARRIS is one of the most engaging of the young novelists, a man of incorrigibly high spirits, one who is not merely willing but delighted to entertain his readers. **"Wake Up, Stupid,"** which Knopf is publishing as an original paperback at $1.45, is the wildest and gayest of his novels, and I hope that many readers will find this out. Some of them, I trust, will also discover that Harris has a large capacity for seriousness.

"Wake Up, Stupid" is a novel that is presented through letters and, occasionally, documents—a venerable form, which can claim Richardson's "Pamela" as its ancestor. The letters are written by or to Lee Youngdahl, a professor of English at a college in San Francisco. As the book opens, Youngdahl has just finished a play about Johnson and Boswell, and is at loose ends. One might expect his academic duties and his wife and seven children to occupy his attention, but he is a man of unusual energy, and the completion of the play frees him for mischief. The question of his tenure at the college is about to be decided, and he maneuvers to get the appointment while at the same time he seeks ways of escaping from academic life.

Complications multiply. One of Youngdahl's books is being dramatized on television, and this involves him in a constant wrangle with his agent and with the script writer. Once a boxer of some repute himself, he invests in 6¼ per cent of a heavyweight. He plays practical jokes on friends and acquaintances. Finally he goes East, and there is an episode with an actress as well as a lot of trouble over the Johnson-Boswell play. He gets himself knocked out by his heavyweight, spends a night in jail for stealing an automobile, and returns at last to his job, in which he now has tenure.

There are resemblances between Lee Youngdahl and Mark Harris. Harris teaches English at a college in San Francisco; not long ago one of his novels was adapted for television; he has recently been interested in the theatre. On the other hand, Harris has only two children, and I think it quite unlikely that he has ever been a heavyweight boxer. If he has to some extent drawn on personal experience, as novelists generally do, he has allowed himself plenty of scope for invention.

The invention is in part of a rather rough-and-ready sort. Lee Youngdahl being what he is, the epistolary form lends itself to gags and wisecracks, and there is a good deal of what might be called low humor. There is also sharp satire. A display of academic documents concerning the problem of Lee's tenure has a wicked air of plausibility. Lee's observations on television and the theatre are nicely pointed. What he writes his wife and others about New York is stylized but credible.

Youngdahl is no Sir Galahad. In the course of the novel he lies, passes off other people's ideas as his own, is cruel, vain, and petty. But he remains his own man. He refuses to be a typical academician—his academic success is based on his persistent nonconformity—and at the same time, tempted as he may be, he will not make compromises for the sake of success in some other world. He is no more a member of the beat generation than he is an organization man. At the end, although he announces that he is satisfied with his lot, one is sure that he is going to go on making trouble for himself and other people. He is, in brief, just the kind of person Mark Harris likes to write about.

Harris began his career in 1946, when he was twenty-four years old, with a solemn and youthful novel about the race problem, "Trumpet to the World." Six years later came his first mature work, a biography of Vachel Lindsay called "City of Discontent," and the year after that he published "The Southpaw."

From a biography of a poet to a novel about a cocky young Big League pitcher would seem a long jump, but it turned out that Harris's Henry Wiggen had something in common with Lindsay. What the biography emphasized was Lindsay's refusal to give in to the pressures exerted upon him, his determination to hold to his vision of the good life. Henry Wiggen, in his different circumstances, is the same sort of individualist, and the novel, in addition to being a fascinating account of professional baseball, is a record of his struggle.

Harris wrote a second and even better novel about Henry Wiggen, "Bang the Drum Slowly," and then added a mildly interesting postscript, "A Ticket for a Seamstitch." His most recently published novel is "Something About a Soldier," and here we have another young individualist, this one in conflict with the United States Army in wartime. Harris writes tenderly about Jacob Epstein, who is as innocent as he is brilliant, and pathos mingles with comedy.

Lee Youngdahl, then, is one more of Harris's dissenting heroes and the most obstreperous of the lot. To the dismay of most of his colleagues, his teaching is as successful as it is unorthodox. (Says the report of the committee on tenure: "Occasionally he behaves contrarily to demands of a democratic learning experience by shouting at a student, 'Wake up, stupid.' ") Even so, he finds the academic life restricting and, as we have seen, escapes from it into a variety of other occupations. Yet in the end he concludes that perhaps the campus is the place for him: "Certainly I do not belong on Broadway, nor in the prize ring. Neither a Utah farm nor Harvard suits my taste. I am in sympathy with neither the beat generation nor The Dollar a Word Club." Wherever he is, his problem is to be himself and at the same time to establish a fruitful relation with others.

THE form Harris has chosen does not encourage discipline, and the novel contains a certain amount of extraneous material and has several loose ends. On the other hand, the form permits Harris to make the most of Youngdahl's exuberance, and there are wonderfully comic passages. Not all the comedy shows the highest kind of originality: Abner Klang, for instance, Lee's literary agent, is not exactly an unfamiliar type. But page after page is good for smiles and chuckles, with now and then a guffaw.

The novel is to be welcomed simply as entertainment, but, as I began by saying, Harris is fundamentally a serious writer. Youngdahl offers some advice to a friend: "Work, work, involve yourself in the life outside yourself, and the life inside yourself will unite with the life outside yourself, and *there* will be your art." Unlike most of his contemporaries, Harris has a tremendous sense of the possibilities of life—outside himself as well as inside himself. He tells us not merely that we don't have to be conformists but that there is no end to the things we can be and do. The sky is the limit for Lee Youngdahl and for Mark Harris too.

[See PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS page 17, for an interview with Mark Harris.]

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The Denizens of Decency

***"The Tents of Wickedness," by Peter De Vries** (Little, Brown. 276 pp. $3.75), is a high-styled comedy about the manners and mores of life in exurban Connecticut. Russell Lynes, managing editor of* Harper's, *has taken a close look at society in his many books, among which are "Snobs," "Guests," "The Tastemakers," and a recent satiric novel, "Cadwallader."*

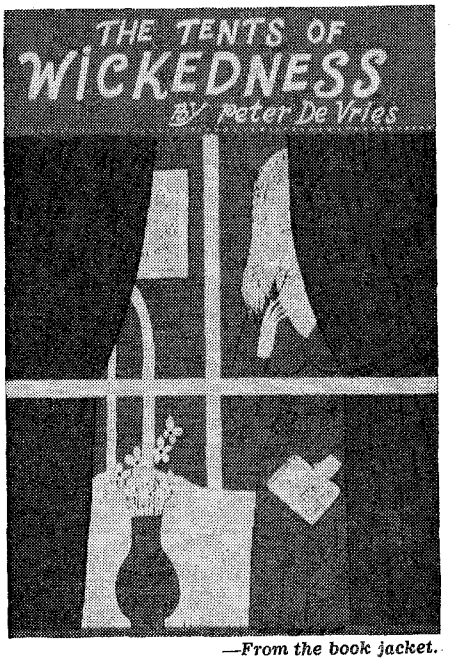
By Russell Lynes

PETER DE VRIES has pitched "The Tents of Wickedness," his most recent novel, in the small city of Decency, Connecticut, not far from the large indecent city of New York. Decency, as readers of "Comfort Me with Apples," an earlier novel of Mr. De Vries, will remember, is lived in by the kinds of people who are picked upon and apart by sociologists and sociological-novelists as organization men, conformists, and most recently, "status seekers." Mr. De Vries, on the other hand, views them not as easily manipulated statistics but as uneasily struggling individuals trapped in a snare of clichés. Though he kids them unmercifully and uses them for a wall against which to bounce his wit, he does so as an impudent member of the family and not as a snooping outsider. The result is an extremely funny (if sometimes forced) novel of manners that combines slapstick with parody and is liberally buttered with puns, aphorisms, banana peels, and jokes good and bad, but rarely indifferent.

The story of "The Tents of Wickedness" concerns a newspaper columnist named Charles "Chick" Swallow, who is known to his readers as "The Lamplighter." He deals out a regular diet of advice to the lovelorn and puzzled and fancies himself something of a lay psychiatrist. (One of the funniest pages in the book is a letter to the Lamplighter from a distraught woman who was deeply shocked to overhear a man at a party say that her husband was heterosexual—"whatever that means.") Swallow, who is conventionally married, brooded, housed, and dogged, gets involved with a woman named Sweetie Appleyard, whom he had known in his teens and with whom he had some years before done something, heaven knows what, in the coal cellar of her family's house. Sweetie, a poetess with a rigorous case of arrested development, and an Ophelia-like vagueness, is presented to Swallow as "his problem" by her father and grandmother, Mme. Piquepuss, who loves Proust.

Swallow views himself, his life, and his problem in literary terms. He thinks of himself at the outset (the novel begins in a bathtub) as a Marquand character living in a "Paradise without a serpent." But, as he is very much aware, "there is always in the Marquandian apple, a worm." At his first encounter after many years with Sweetie (the worm), he finds himself slipping into a Faulknerian mood as dark and mysterious as the coal cellar, and as opaque. But he agrees to undertake Sweetie's release from the toils that have trapped her in perpetual adolescence, and introduces her to the world of Scott Fitzgerald, which works an unfortunate miracle. Sweetie's emancipation is so complete that Swallow finds himself trapped in her determination to bear a child without benefit (or, as she sees it, detriment) of husband, and he is talked into being a test tube. Once pregnant, Sweetie begins to revert to her old helplessness.

Having firmly tied Swallow and Sweetie in a psycho-literary plastic bag with one hand, and having developed a subplot involving Swallow's schizophrenic brother-in-law, who is both thief and detective trying to catch himself, with the other, Mr. De Vries proceeds in the tradition of the comic novelist to use every device of coincidence, fantasy, and contrivance to resolve his story. It is ingenious, it is funny, and it is satisfying.



—From the book jacket.

But "The Tents of Wickedness" is only secondarily a novel; it is primarily a vehicle, a sort of circus wagon to transport and display Mr. De Vries's talents as a clown, a juggler, and a mimic. And very considerable talents they are. Mr. De Vries has an extraordinarily accurate ear for speech and for the nuances of literary style. His parodies of Marquand, Faulkner, Fitzgerald, Proust, James, and several other novelists are accurate to a fault. (The fault is that they are not always independently funny, which parody, I believe, should be.) But his verses (passed off as Sweetie's in the novel, though some of them will be familiar to Mr. De Vries's readers in *The New Yorker* and *Harper's*) display not only acute understanding of the method and tone of voice of a variety of poets from Emily Dickinson to Dylan Thomas but the real comic spirit as well. His clowning is often pure boffola, but he also contrives comic situations that combine imaginative lunacy with considerable subtlety.

THERE is, for example, a lovely scene in the coal cellar, now converted into a home gymnasium, in which Sweetie at the oars of a rowing machine propels an imaginary boat across an imaginary lake while Swallow trails his fingers in imaginary water. There is a sequence of delightful farce created by Swallow's falling asleep under a sun lamp in Sweetie's bed. And there is satire—social, psychiatric, and symbolic—at every turn.

Like many humorists and like all satirists worthy of the name, Mr. De Vries is a moralist but never a prig. "Convention," he concludes, "calls for broader shoulders—and, for all I know, more imagination—than revolt." Behind the agreeable amusement of his novel, lies one of the curious contradictions of our time—that the conventions of revolt in our society are more stereotyped than the conventions of conformity. There is a costume and a manner for being beat or bohemian (lower or upper) today that is far better understood and more rigidly observed than anything to which the good citizens of Decency have ever let themselves be subjected.

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MORE OF THE GRACES: This is Frank Swinnerton's thirty-second novel, his first having been published fifty years ago. **"A Tigress in the Village"** (Doubleday, $3.95) is the second volume of a family story that began with "A Woman from Sicily"; but it may be read without reference to its predecessor, and it is unlikely that very many readers who missed the earlier volume will be tempted to turn back to it.

The family with which Mr. Swinnerton is concerned is named Grace. It consists of Jerome and Mary Grace, their three children, and an orphan named Dulcie, whom Mrs. Grace has taken under her motherly wing. They live in the East Anglian town of Prothero, and, when the action begins in 1921, Philip Grace is nineteen, Raymond is sixteen, Jane is thirteen, and Dulcie Hunter is fifteen. Jerome, son of "the woman from Sicily," is an unsuccessful solicitor with psychopathic tendencies. Mary is the incarnation of goodness. Philip is a sensible fellow who is studying to be an architect; Raymond is a fat and foolish dreamer; Jane compacts charm, beauty, and social competence in one small body; Dulcie adores Philip.

How Jerome collapses under pressure, how Mary triumphs over disaster and temptation, how Philip eludes a siren's net, how Jane demonstrates her social competence and finds Clifford Salvage, how Dulcie's dream comes true—all this, and more, Mr. Swinnerton tells us.

It would be pleasant to say that he does it in the manner of his best novels. But the truth is that he does it in a style almost indistinguishable from that of the writers whose interminable daytime radio yarns have sold American housewives uncounted tons of soap. —BEN RAY REDMAN.

AFTER THE BATTLE: Zoë Oldenbourg's new novel, **"The Chains of Love"** (translated by Michael Bullock; Pantheon, $4.95), reminds one of the melancholy French love song:

> The pleasures of love last but a day
> The sorrows of love endure a whole life long

The setting is Paris between 1947 and 1951; the story tells of numerous Europeans, uprooted by wars, who "have no other country than the Left Bank." Possessing neither nationality, nor religion, and unable to make of love a lasting relationship, these solitary beings wander in and out of an artificial ambiance without finding an identity.

The novel begins with the return to Paris of a soldier, Russian-born,

Zoë Oldenbourg—"masterly in depicting tortured hearts and minds."

French-bred Elie Lanskoy, who had been detained overtime in a German prison camp and is restored to his family and friends at a time when the war hero has already ceased to be in vogue. Although he has a "redoubled longing for roots," he is wary of attachments even to his prewar love and the six-year-old daughter he discovers. Gradually his role in the novel shrinks until he is completely — and dramatically — obliterated.

Thereafter the author shifts her interest to the girl, Stephanie Lindberg, through whose eyes we reach the end of the book, only to leave her with her destiny hopelessly unresolved. In accordance with the old adage that woman lives by love alone, the chains of love are the bittersweet bondage of the heroine's existence.

Love for her father, a German-Jewish refugee, who forbade her to marry a Gentile, was the first of Stephanie's series of chains. The second was the memory of Elie, "the load of a lost love," which prevented her from belonging to anyone else until his return, when she became aware of his inadequacies. She accepts a third chain in the guise of the erratic Polish artist, Aron Leibowitz, who captures her and then tires of her just when she is at last finding strength as well as tyranny in love. At the end of the book Stephanie appears somewhat less tightly bound as the mistress of a cosmopolite art dealer, Herman Martínez.

Paris serves as a background but not as a melting pot for these non-French characters. They never experience a sense of belonging. Phlegmatic, brooding, they are haunted by unanswered questions about God, love, Communism, the role of the artist in society. Zoë Oldenbourg has a probing mind. She is masterly in depicting the tortured hearts and minds of these tired Europeans who have weathered one more war without finding any solutions to their anxieties. —ANNA BALAKIAN.

MEWS VIEWS: Rosalie Packard's thinly disguised story of her own early married life, **"Love in the Mist"** (Houghton Mifflin, $3.50), is distinctly hammocky reading. Or perhaps bus fare? Though probably even to be read in a long-distance U.S. bus might cause this author's U-stomach some qualms (her heroine only travels in a battered, old green Bentley). But she does convey England most agreeably, and it is nice to know that one American is so engagingly Anglophile as to dote on the view of the Brompton Oratory and the V & A's cupolas seen from her mews window. But she gushes too, too much, starting off on page one with how toothsome her James is all the time (and irresistible while shaving) and ending on page 203 with her new baby "the most enchanting object, red, distorted and squalling," she had ever seen. She is Splendid about Girl Guides, and such a Comfort to the local Vicar, and kind to the Poor, while admitting she secretly yearns for Diors and Dufys and, of course, cold martinis. She spends so much time discussing James's glamour with her girl friends that one fears he is never properly fed. And if he really is the rolled-umbrella type, he must deprecate quite so much of his exquisite domestic bliss coming out, not in the wash, but on the (undotted) line!
—ANNE FREMANTLE.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 839

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 839 will be found in the next issue.

NPFAGLK PFLDO OP

DGHK KQKM GM

RKTT GM GASM.

—D. L. XPDZ.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 838

Contempt is egotism in ill humor.

—COLERIDGE.

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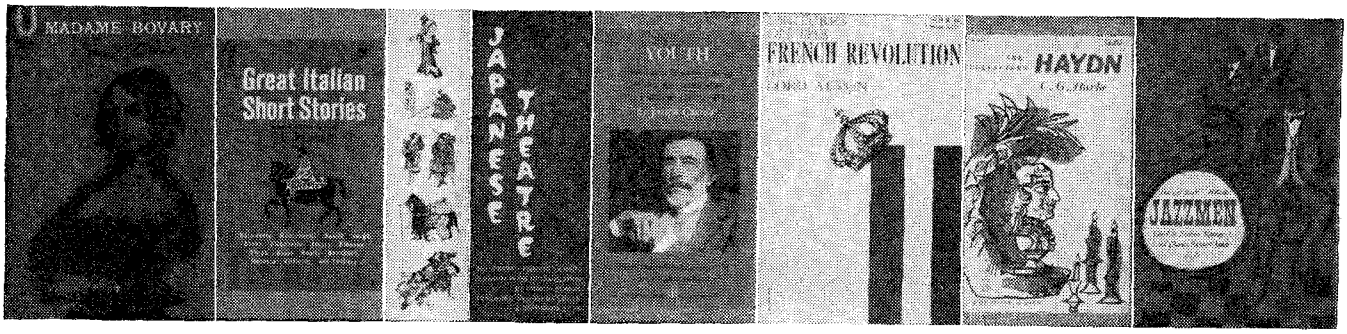

PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

"CALL THEM ANGRY, or what you will," says H. F. Paroissien of Penguin Books, "the English playwrights are very much alive, making news, and, most important, writing plays and getting them produced." Specifically, he is speaking about Doris Lessing, Bernard Kops, and Arnold Wesker, whose plays appear in Penguin's "New English Dramatists." . . . A very young "angry" is Shelagh Delaney, the nineteen-year-old English girl whose "A Taste of Honey" played successfully to London audiences this past season. Evergreen has anticipated its New York première with a paperback edition.

POETRY IN PAPERBACKS seems weighted in favor of the Beatniks. Encouraged by the hearty success of Lawrence Ferlinghetti's "A Coney Island of the Mind," New Directions will publish the verse of his protégé, Gregory ("Fried Shoes") Corso. "Gasoline" was the succinct title of his first book; this one is "The Happy Birthday of Death." . . . Evergreen's forthcoming book of Jack Kerouac's poetry, "Mexico City Blues," is a multi-chorused work which "puts jazz into words" . . . For the un-beat taste, Macmillan, the publishers of Yeats and Marianne Moore, plans a series of original poetry in paperback. Reed Whittemore, Katherine Hoskins, Ramon Guthrie, and David Galler lead the fall list.

BATTLE OF THE BOOKS: To meet the surge of Communist literature in the Far East, British publishers have sounded a call to arms. With the help of a £500,000 government subsidy inexpensive paperbacks will now be distributed throughout Asia. Many publishers prefer the "oblique approach" to propaganda, which means that the books will be largely fiction and non-political classics. . . . In our own country an organization known as FRASCO (Foundation for Religious Action in the Social and Civil Order) is preparing a pre-stocked bookshelf of twenty paperbacks describing Communism, Democracy, and the difference between them. This little library will be available for overseas as well as in the U.S.

MARK HARRIS, who teaches at San Francisco State College, is the author of "Wake Up, Stupid" (Knopf, $1.45), published this month as an original novel in paperback. In view of Mr. Harris aversion to facts, (see opposite page), it's ungenerous to report that he was born in 1922, in Mount Vernon, N. Y., was graduated from the University of Denver, B.A., M.A., University of Minnesota, Ph.D., spent two years in the army, worked as a reporter (where he so beautifully absorbed "the felt quality" of baseball), married in 1946 Josephine Horen ("who's not too crazy about publicity"), and is the father of Hester and Anthony Harris.

MORE QUALITY IN PAPERBACKS: Frederick A. Praeger, the most recent entry into the paperback field, will publish two dozen books a year, including originals as well as books from their own backlist. The first is "The New Class," by Milovan Djilas, the ex-vice president of Yugoslavia, who is still languishing in prison for his outspoken political ideas. . . . One of the large mass-market paperback houses, Berkeley, has announced a new "quality line" called Medallion. The first four authors for August—Josephine Tey, Lord Russell, George Orwell, J. P. Donleavy—give some idea of the brightness and diversity of Medallion's plans. —R W. S.

FICTION

Short-story collections in paperback cater to all appetites. P. M. Passinetti's **"Great Italian Short Stories"** (Dell, 50¢) is robust fare, sampling works from Boccaccio to Moravia, while **"Rashomon and Other Stories"** (Bantam, 35¢), by Ryunosuke Akutagawa, is intended only for the most refined palates. Camus, Faulkner, and Mauriac are among the illustrious contributors to **"Great Stories by Nobel Prize Winners"** (Noonday, $1.95), as well as less-read writers, such as Grazia Deledda, Knut Hamsun, and the Danish realist Henrik Pontoppidan. Joseph Conrad never won the Nobel Prize, but his own brilliant stories in **"Youth"** (Anchor, 95¢), which includes "Heart of Darkness" and "The End of the Tether," make one wonder why. George Washington Cable's **"Creoles and Cajuns"** (Anchor, $1.45), by the first of the "Southern writers," recreates the life of New Orleans after the Civil War.

Three of fiction's most famous heroines are available in paperback. Daniel Defoe's bawdy **"Moll Flanders"** (Houghton Mifflin, 95¢), who consorted with thieves and lived in Newgate Prison, wouldn't seem to have much resemblance to the gentle Jane Eyre. But Mark Schorer, in his introduction to Charlotte Brontë's **"Jane Eyre"** (Houghton Mifflin, 95¢), writes, "each is a woman alone, making her way in a hostile world and making the world submit to her ways." Emma Bovary, who had less luck in making her way, is represented in two editions: Lowell Bair's new Bantam (35¢) translation has a brief but excellent preface by Malcolm Cowley. Universal's **"Madame Bovary"** (95¢) is in a larger and more attractive format, but an introduction would have been helpful.

HISTORY

"Clergy and laity, saints and sinners, spiritual experiences, love, bat-

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tles, pageants, and occasionally the small things of everyday life" are the subjects of **"Ten Medieval Studies"** (Beacon, $1.60), by the distinguished English medievalist G. G. Coulton. These essays attempt to show that the Middle Ages were less a self-contained segment of time than that they did partake of the past and the future in the more fluid sense of belonging to all history. A good reference work to have at elbow's length while reading Coulton's study is Norton Downs's **"Basic Documents in Medieval History"** (Anvil, $1.25), which includes fascinating bits of history—letters of Charlemagne, an eyewitness report of the fall of Constantinople—as well as such famed writings as the Magna Carta. **"Men and Ideas"** (Meridian, $1.45), by Johan Huizinga, Dutch historian and author of "The Waning of the Middle Ages," considers the transition from the days of darkness to Renaissance light. His essay on "Patriotism and Nationalism" is especially pertinent in describing the stirrings toward a new era.

The blood-stained years of France's Revolution are nowhere more temperately described than by Lord Acton. His **"Lectures on the French Revolution"** (Noonday, $1.95), originally delivered at Cambridge at the turn of the century, traces the path from monarchy to the madness of the Reign of Terror. Twenty-three years after the Revolution, France was at war with Russia. "I beat the Russians every time," Napoleon then wrote, "but it doesn't get me anywhere." In his memoirs, **"With Napoleon in Russia"** (Universal, $1.65), General de Caulincourt, who served the Emperor as aide-de-camp, reminisces about his life during that winter of defeat.

THEATRE

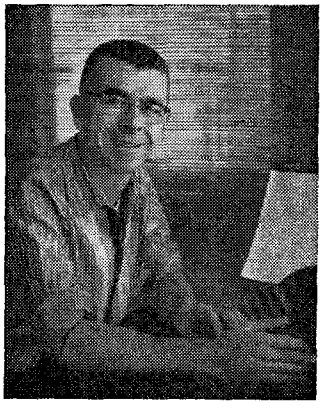
With interest in the Orient at a floodtide, it's not surprising that two excellent books on Japanese theatre are now available in paperback. Faubion Bowers's **"Japanese Theatre"** (Dramabook, $2.25), which traces Oriental drama from the early dance forms to postwar Tokyo presentations, is a good general introduction for the Western reader. **"The Kabuki Theatre"** ($2.45), by Earle Ernst, a handsome addition to the Evergreen Encyclopedia Series, is a large (10″ x 6¾″), well-illustrated study of the origins and development of Kabuki. Stage settings, masks, stylized gestures are explained against the background of Japanese religious and philosophical thought.

The plays of Hendrik Ibsen most familiar to Americans are those written during his middle years. These—"An Enemy of the People," "Ghosts," "A Doll's House," "The Wild Duck"—are in **"Four Great Plays"** (Bantam, 50¢). A good companion volume is **"The Last Plays"** (Dramabook, $1.45), in which "Little Eyolf," "John Gabriel Borkman," and "When We Dead Awaken" reveal Ibsen in a quieter, more mystical mood. And, finally, one of the most delightful of all theatre books is **"Shaw's Dramatic Criticism"** (Dramabook, $1.45). These pieces, written during the 1890s when Shaw was drama critic for London's *Saturday Review*, are filled with witty, crackling comments on the plays, playwrights, and actors of his time.

MUSIC

An affectionate biography, **"Kathleen Ferrier: Her Life"** (Penguin, $1.25), tells of the famed English mezzo-soprano. Written by her sister Winifred Ferrier, this recollection gives a sense of a great artist and a warm, generous woman. Bruno Walter, Sir John Barbirolli, and Benjamin Britten are among those whose "appreciations" recall "beloved Katie." An excellent handbook to the music of Franz Joseph Haydn is C. G. Burke's **"The Collector's Haydn"** (Keystone, $1.65). Haydn's amiable personality, the pleasant life he led with the Esterhazy patronage is described briefly, but the real value of the book lies in its extensive account of his many compositions. An analytical guide is useful in selecting choice recordings. One of the most informative and entertaining books on American jazz is **"Jazzmen"** (Harvest, $2.35), edited by Frederic Ramsey, Jr., and Charles Edward Smith. Beginning in New Orleans of the last century, the tale of jazz is told through the men and women who created it.

Some Comments on Teaching and Writing by Mark Harris



"I don't teach subjects, I teach what I'm thinking about, and we read what I'm reading at the moment. The main thing is to make it interesting for yourself. Have a few facts but throw them away at the end of the semester. To be knowing is to dump everything but the *feel* of things. We live in a spelling bee culture where the demand is for factual accuracy and everybody overlooks the absence of art or meaning in what's said. Well, not everybody, but too many people send letters to Nero telling he was fingering his fiddle wrong. This passion for data is a way of avoiding coming to terms with things. What art gives us is 'the felt quality of life' but I forget whose phrase that is, and I apologize.

"Just last semester I taught a course entitled 'Communication and the American Cultural Community.' Don't laugh. No sensible man teaches that. But I *did* teach and talk about culture and community and communication and America which gave license to roam around and about as many ideas and centuries and places as a man might want to read and talk about. And get paid for it besides!

"The college is a replica of society, like any other workplace, and you can get 'the felt quality of life' there just as well as anywhere else, digging ditches or newspapering, and shorter hours. Why, I'm off for the summer now, lying around writing, and no plans to get dressed until September.

"It just so happens that a lot of things I write seem to come out with a humorous result, what Shaw called 'thoughtful laughter' (I don't mean he called *my* writing 'thoughtful laughter,' so please don't let anyone think I'm *claiming* him). I just can't stop viewing certain matters as essentially more funny than serious, or, to put it another way, the focus is on the absurd. This new 'Stupid' book is supposed to be funny, but it's really a very bitter book because I have a murderously bitter feeling about people who corrupt art, the slick-writers, the TV adapters, the Broadway hustlers. I think the world has more to fear from bad art than from anything else because bad art dulls sensibilities and numbs reactions. Maybe what I'm trying to do is laugh these hustlers to death at their roots.

"I want to go on writing, to say something large about the world's large condition of danger. This is what really lies before me because I have a religious duty and a moral obligation as a citizen of a sincere country, and as one who loves life enough to want to see it go on and on for many generations and in a kinder and improved manner. You see what a terribly idealistic American fellow I am, it's all because of that course last semester."

[See LITERARY HORIZONS for review of "Wake Up, Stupid."]

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PERSONAL HISTORY

That Rowdy Sunflower Girl

Belle and her two children—Solange and Edward—feed ducks in Paris suitably garbed in ermine and mink.

"Belle Out of Order," by Belle Livingstone *(Holt. 341 pp. $4), is the posthumously published autobiography of a playgirl from Kansas who kicked champagne glasses out of the hand of Edward VII. Her name wasn't really Belle, nor is our critic's really "Lately Thomas"—the byline used on "The Vanishing Evangelist: The Aimee Semple McPherson Kidnaping Affair."*

By Lately Thomas

IT IS wrily fitting that one of the gaudiest symbols of the rebellion against the Prohibition Era in America should have hailed from that pioneer stamping ground of prohibitions—Kansas. And that the Sunflower Girl, in the course of a long and rowdy life devoted to making mincemeat of prohibitions, should have made Kaw-land and its weedy flower familiar names in circles to which the citizenry of Emporia, her home town, were not admissible, and which they could only with difficulty imagine.

In "Belle Out of Order" Belle Livingstone (of merry memory) tells all (or almost all) about it. Here is the story of a fabulous woman's fabulous life, spanning several continents and three vanished civilizations, set down with candor, freshness, verve, and excellent taste. The entire book bubbles with the vitality that bore her triumphantly through eighty-two vertiginous years.

Belle Livingstone was not her name; she took it to avoid disgracing the family when she struck out for herself. She was a foundling, reared by foster parents, whose affection she retained and whose approbation she seldom deserved. Tall, gawky, plain, her only prepossessing physical trait was the erect queenly carriage that she never lost. With no special talent for the stage, she wangled a place in a dingy troupe setting out for the backwoods towns of Michigan. She was only seventeen, and her father, exercising his lawful authority, forbade it. Whereupon Belle braced a total stranger sitting in the hotel lobby with the proposition that he marry her, then and there, and thus emancipate her from parental control. He did, said good-bye after the ceremony, and a couple of years later obligingly died and left Belle $150,000. That was the way Belle made things happen.

Her first phase of popularity was in New York in the Nineties, as a strutting showgirl famous for "poetic legs." Whether it was at dinners at Rector's or at flapjack and coffee feasts in her kitchen, the stage-door Johnnies loved her. At the turn of the century, with her stake of $150,000, she invaded London, incongruously establishing a beachhead in a frowsy hotel redolent of "cabbage and chastity." But this soon altered, and during the next decade Belle ripped through British gay life, a pal of the sporting, the well-heeled, the famous, and the clever. And, of course, the monied. Her high spirits and infectious gusto in extracting every ounce of fun from the passing minute (her phrase) offset her want of beauty. Running through stock-exchange fortunes and kicking champagne glasses out of the hand of Edward VII, to his royal delight, were mere incidents of this whirl through the sunset suavity and glitter of rich Edwardian England. Names cluster thickly, but not wearisomely—Kitchener for one, a curious, Platonic intimacy. Her account of the private dinner with four kings is literally for the book; it must be read, not relayed.

Eventually, as was to be expected, she went broke, hit the depths, sleeping on the Embankment and living on invitations to dinner, which she repaid with prodigious entertainment. But a couple more husbands, two more fortunes, corrected that, and in Paris, during the hectic Twenties, Belle blossomed as hostess of a salon that led an overexcitable newspaperman to dub her "the most dangerous woman in Europe." Belle was not dangerous; she was just having king-size fun. The set she attracted she describes fairly: "Courtesans, divorcées, faggotts, gamblers, alcoholics were all numbered among my circle. [She drew the line at dope.] I sat in no judgment on their private lives; my only touchstone was the gay heart."

Broke again, fat and fifty, Belle migrated to New York and indomitably constructed a career as a speakeasy queen, her only peer being Tex Guinan. But the transvaluation of all values often puzzled her. "Am I really going up in the world, or are these people coming down?" she would wonder as she looked over her siccative guests.

Harried by Volstead agents, she opened (and closed) three places to clamoring crowds of customers. Raids became so commonplace she reserved a special tweed for Black Maria rides. When finally Federal officials moved in (she forgot to read the injunction that had been served on her), Belle led them a spirited chase across the rooftops, clad in billowing red pajamas; but the lawmen outwinded her, and she was sentenced to jail. The

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warden greeted her stolidly with "Miss Livingstone, I presume?" and bunked her among the prostitutes, because he thought she would be more comfortable there.

Even this shocking humiliation did not cause Belle to ring cracked or untrue. Her good humor and pride survived, although thereafter she declined in prosperity until, reduced to penury, neglected, obscure, she was all but unknown amid a new generation. Still she carried her head high.

> My back is still as straight as an Indian's [she could write when nearly eighty]; my skin firmer than any beauty specialist would have dared to promise; my walk alert, like the walk of all who enjoy living precariously. . . . No one will ever see me sitting around listening for the rustling wings of Death. Let Death do a little rustling to catch up with me!

But to quote is tantalizing. There is spice in this easy-to-read true social memoir for sophisticates (who do not choose to have words spelled out privy-wall plain); and the zestful courage of a gallant campaigner laces its royal-scarlet covers, front and back. Read it, and enjoy a reacquaintance with (or, lucky you, an introduction to) a vivid personality whom thousands today can recall only in reference to some wonderful times. Waiter, a bottle—no, a magnum—no, a methuselah of champagne! This one is worth drinking to!

A Superior Sort of Liar

"The Great Impostor," by Robert Crichton *(Random House. 218 pp. $3.95), recreates the exploits of Ferdinand Waldo Demara, who posed variously as a surgeon, doctor of psychology, college dean, cancer researcher, Trappist monk, what have you. Harold Mehling, who finds common crimes a bore, brilliant criminals a fascination, recently recounted in his book "The Scandalous Scamps" the escapades of several splendid swindlers.*

By Harold Mehling

DURING the Korean War, a small junk hove to alongside a Canadian destroyer and revealed a pitiable sight: the mutilated bodies of nineteen Koreans who had been caught in an ambush. The destroyer's surgeon, after a glance, ran off to hide. But he was found and could not evade his work. He cleaned, incised, probed, transfused, sutured, and otherwise ministered to the Koreans. Sometimes he thought he would faint from the stench of the wounds, sometimes from fear. In the end, however, he saved all nineteen soldiers.

The remarkable surgeon was Ferdinand Waldo Demara, "The Great Impostor" whose story Robert Crichton suspensefully tells. At the time of the Korean incident, Demara was known as Surgeon Lieutenant Joseph Cyr of the Royal Canadian Navy, a man without medical training. At other times he has been known as a doctor of psychology, dean of a college, cancer researcher, assistant prison warden, beloved grade-school teacher, Trappist monk, and more.

After his last exposure in 1956, Demara accompanied Mr. Crichton on a tour of his perverse triumphs and detailed the mechanisms that made them possible. Mr. Crichton, in his turn, has recreated Demara's exploits and, for a bonus, has provided some insight into the tragic life of a man who felt he was a nobody, and so tried to become somebody by posing as anybody worth being.

It must have been difficult for the author to resist playing lay analyst, and explaining what made Demara a compulsive impostor. But Mr. Crichton has been too thoughtful for that; he did resist. Instead, he has used revealing material to outline a personality portrait which readers can fill in themselves. Should a writer attempt to specify for us that Ferdinand Demara was schizophrenic, or paranoid, or otherwise psychotic? Hardly, considering that men have been wondering for thousands of years why other men err, and still aren't always positive or even perceptive.

We gather from the biographical material that Demara's father was a victim of grandiosity and warped values. The boy arrived home one day to find his family in such grief that he was sure someone had discovered he was suffering from cancer. It developed that his father had only suffered the loss of all his money. The elder Demara made it clear in ensuing years that without money people were dregs.

Mr. Crichton has drawn the impostor out, and he is hopelessly lucid about his faults. "I am a superior sort of liar," he says. "I don't tell any truth at all, so then my story has a unity of parts, a structural integrity, and this way sounds more like the truth than the truth itself." He also dips into Camus on melancholy and despair.

THE man spent much of his adult life alternating between misconduct and soul-purging. He bathed in confession, and thus provided Mr. Crichton with an unusual subcurrent of story-line. Many of Demara's days and a good number of his impostures were carried out in Catholic novitiates and monasteries, and the picture of life in some of those institutions is engrossing. We follow the tortured man through the regimen of the Trappist monks and learn that vows of silence and dietary privations are sometimes honored in their breach, and we glimpse priests who are being disciplined for descents into mortal pits. Altogether, a fascinating excursion into a special world.

If anything further is needed to urge writers toward illustrative material and away from pat jargon, it may be found in one vaguely psychological remark of the author's. He says that, in the Army, Demara "hated most of all the public latrines," and then feels it necessary to interpolate that the man "wasn't by nature a prude." If hatred of public latrines is prudish, I will gamble that thousands of us are prudes. I trust our prissiness is not a component of the imposturing personality, but if it should be, and I become an impostor some day, I strongly hope that Mr. Crichton chronicles my adventures; he has chronicled Ferdinand Demara's in superb fashion.

VICTORIES WITHOUT PARALLEL: General Claire Chennault's story has been told before by, among others, himself, in "The Way of a Fighter." Now with **"Flying Tiger: Chennault of China"** (Doubleday, $3.95) his former second in command, Robert Lee Scott, Jr., has added to the record and the legend. Brigadier-General Scott (Ret.) is himself a veteran of 388 air combat missions, with 20,000 flying hours to his credit, many of them under Chennault's orders. What makes Scott's account fresh and original is not only his skill as a writer but his own exciting exploits, which he interweaves with the Chennault story. Interest is about evenly divided between his hero, himself, and the Flying Tigers.

As an Army pilot Claire Chennault just missed World War I. Then he became a latter-day but soft-spoken

(*Continued on page* 36)

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Seeing Is Believing

SOVIET Russia's First Deputy Prime Minister, Frol R. Kozlov, has devoted a major part of his time and energy in the United States to the immemorial routine of any tourist—sightseeing, seeing the country and the people. From supermarkets to atomic-energy projects, from the skyscrapers of New York City to the steep streets of San Francisco, the vast and varied spread of the American continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific must have impressed the top-level Soviet leader, the first to officially visit this country since the Communist revolution forty-two years ago. (Russia's other First Deputy Prime Minister, Anastas I. Mikoyan, came here unofficially as a tourist on a private holiday.)

Mr. Kozlov has not only followed in the footsteps of the 472,000 overseas visitors who traveled in the United States last year, but his itinerary was the result of weeks of consultation between the State Department and the Soviet Embassy. Their problem was both simple and difficult: in the limited time at his disposal what could Mr. Kozlov see that would enable him to take home an accurate image of America and the American people. The accuracy of this image is just as vital to the Kremlin as to the White House, just as vital as the image of Russia that Vice-President Nixon will bring back from his Moscow tour later this month.

It was essential to the State Department that Mr. Kozlov sense the strength as well as the friendliness of the American people; that he observe our industrial sinews as well as our high standard of living; that he experience our capacity for national effort as well as our enjoyment of democratic freedoms; and that he witness the physical grandeur of our countryside as well as of our cities.

The obvious significance of the carefully planned tours of Messrs. Kozlov and Mikoyan serves to highlight the importance of an invitation that President Eisenhower has extended to the entire world for 1960. The President has proclaimed 1960 as "Visit USA Year." It is the Government's intent that perhaps 1,000,000 overseas tourists will meet us at home next year, spend $1,000,000,000 in the process, and take back home with them a better informed and more favorable understanding of the United States and of American democracy.

It is not too early now to begin thinking about the success of this project in international communication, the other side of the coin from the millions of Americans embarking this summer of 1959 on travel abroad. In fact, the State Department, the Department of Commerce, the National Association of Travel Organizations (NATO), the American Society of Travel Agents (ASTA), the great sea, air and land carriers, American Express, and other groups are already at work to make 1960 a national achievement in international understanding, not only for our guests but for the American people.

Progress has already been made in facilitating our visa, immigration, and customs procedures so that a foreign tourist is less likely to feel like an atomic spy, a suspected criminal, or an unwanted intruder when he reaches our shores.

Because "travel is an important element in the development of international understanding and thus tends to promote international peace," President Eisenhower emphasized in his proclamation that foreign visitors in the U.S. should find a "friendly welcome from a people whose primary concern is for peaceful accomplishments in their economic, social, and cultural life" and should have the pleasure of "viewing our country's natural beauties, its cities and villages, and its historic shrines."

Among the wealth of scenic, historic and cultural sights in the U.S. what should the average traveler from abroad be certain to see? Let us suppose he has thirty days and can afford to travel from coast to coast and back again. How should he best spend his time and money?

The 1960 visitor assuredly should see the shrines of our liberties—Boston, Philadelphia and Williamsburg—and where our Government is administered—Washington. Carl Sandburg's Chicago, the Mississippi River port of New Orleans, and Walt Disney's Hollywood should be on any itinerary. The natural wonders of Niagara Falls, the Great Lakes, Yellowstone, the desert, and the Grand Canyon should not be missed.

The choices are varied and almost endless, yet every visitor will have to make a choice and his hosts will have to help him make it. For example, Adlai Stevenson has proposed the following itinerary for Soviet Prime Minister Khrushchev should that vociferous critic of the West come to the United States: a session of Congress; a public school in process of integration; a large firm manufacturing farm machinery; the Tennessee Valley Authority; a flourishing farm where the corn grows tall; a major urban housing development; a state fair in rural America; and the compus of a leading university.

It would be useful to learn what *Saturday Review's* readers would recommend if they were planning—as they may well have to in many cases—for a visit to this country of a friendly Vladimir from Russia, René from France, James from Britain, Kimura from Japan, Khanna from India, Hans from Germany, Axel from Denmark, Kevin from Ireland, Luis from Spain, José from Mexico, Lance from Canada, Yohanan from Israel or Manolita from Italy.

Seeing is believing. The guidance of *SR's* readers on what 1960's visitors should see will be referred to leaders of the U.S. travel industry and to officials in Washington to help them plan what travelers to our shores should experience that will enable them to return home with a true image of America.

—William D. Patterson.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE OTHER SIDE

I AM SORRY that Mr. Ciardi did not have the opportunity to check the facts in his account of the *Chicago Review* [*SR* June 27]. He seems to have relied solely on the editorial preface to the magazine *BIG TABLE* which is somewhat comparable to making a study of National Socialism on the basis of a reading of "Mein Kampf."

The basic facts as I know them are these:

1) The *Chicago Review's* editor, Irving Rosenthal, has used three issues of the magazine as a showcase for one group of writers, and was about to feature them again. He was told that the purpose of the magazine was to display a spectrum of the finest imaginative and intellectual work available, and that he, therefore, could not print the same group of writers in the next issue. He could, however, print each and every article of the proposed issue in subsequent issues of the magazine, but a solid year of beat writings constituted a perverse monopoly.

2) Chancellor Kimpton never spoke to or saw Rosenthal.

3) The magazine is aimed at intellectuals, whether they be sixteen-year-old girls or editors of the *Saturday Review*. Nobody here has ever objected to reading any word *qua* word or description *qua* description; the criterion and the only criterion of inclusion is imaginative and intellectual excellence.

4) Nothing in the so-called "suppressed" issue was read by a faculty member; nothing was censored, nothing ever will be censored. But the faculty board *will* pass on the intellectual responsibility of student editors; those who print the work of cousins, those who print comic strips, and those who rob the till will be asked to either reform or resign.

5) Recently a number of us saw a Postal Inspector about the proposed banning of *BIG TABLE*. All of us objected to the proposed banning, and all of us would be willing to testify to the serious intent of the contents.

RICHARD G. STERN,
Chairman, Faculty Advisory Board
Chicago Review.

Chicago, Ill.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *I doubt that Editor Irving Rosenthal is to the intellect of the University of Chicago as Hitler was to National Socialism. I reported his written account of what he had been told. If Mr. Stern is ready to charge Mr. Rosenthal with lying, SR will undertake to allow space within reason, for his charge and for Mr. Rosenthal's reply.*

I confess that I especially do not understand Mr. Stern's Fact No. 4. Cousins? Comic strips? Rob the till? Are these dark hints, or merely the excitements of indignation? Unless Mr. Stern can find a clearer English statement within his English Department, I can only pause dismayed and pass on, especially since the magazine was banned, despite all Mr. Stern's assertions that there is not and never will be censorship. Is mere suppression somehow less than censorship?

It strikes me as curious, moreover, that Mr. Stern should pass on the responsibility of student editors by suppressing their magazine, and then be willing to testify before postal inspectors as to the serious intent of the same material.

If Mr. Stern has hidden charges to bring, perhaps he should bring them. As it stands, I have no choice but to find only confusion in his "clarification."

JOHN CIARDI.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Try to remember. Was it an oak tree you put the charter in?"

BACKED INTO A CORNER

ECONOMIC CONDITIONS have already backed serious writing into an enervating corner, but if the *minimum* freedom for which Mr. Ciardi pleads is now to be denied it, then it will surely lose its right to exist even in this limited area. Squelch its outlets with a blow from the cudgel of censorship and you murder whatever promise of originality in the literary arts is present in America today.

JACK LINDEMAN.

Philadelphia, Pa.

DOGMATIC CAPRICIOUSNESS

LAURELS FOR JOHN CIARDI'S editorial, "The Book Burners and Sweet Sixteen," whose implications are as significant as if not even more significant than its stated meaning.

We Americans need always be reminded of the omnipresent danger, internal as well as external, to our Constitutionally supported freedoms. When a governmental department such as the U.S. Post Office can block communication between the serious writer and his audience, no matter for how brief a period, freedom of expression becomes an obsolete term. The real danger, however, lies in the dogmatic capriciousness of an anonymous body of moral supervisors whose criteria for censoring a piece of writing are as elusive as the acne on the face of a "sixteen-year-old girl."

To argue that the Post Office is sincere in its attempt to uphold a malted-milk morality is, of course, quite beside the point. Hitler was deeply convinced of the necessity to "purify" the German populace. Systematic genocide was the result. The analogy is not farfetched either, for the underlying principle in both cases is identical.

Fortunately, we Americans still possess the privilege of expressing our hearty criticism of a malpractice that infringes upon our liberties. So long as the voice of protest, exemplified by John Ciardi, makes itself heard, America will remain the stronghold of individual expression. But let us not forget that freedom is a possession and like all possessions must be protected against theft in all forms.

ALBERT BALL.

Middletown, Wis.

ONE-YEAR ESCAPEE

JOHN CIARDI'S "The Book Burners and Sweet Sixteen" really hit home. As a one-year escapee of his (or rather Chancellor Kimpton's) epithet, I feel qualified to remark upon the "offensiveness" of material now available to me.

1) A college friend had to take "Lolita" from our public library so that I could read it.

2) I have to hide my copies of "Howl" and "On the Road" in safe places when my parents' friends drop in.

JOAN MEBIUS.

Verona, N.J.

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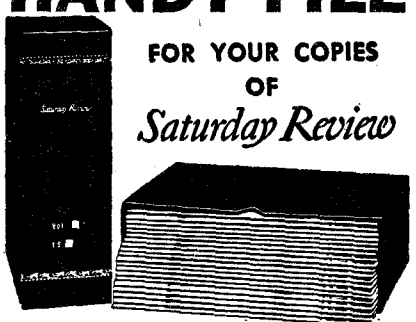

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Hitchcock as Humorist

A NEW thriller from M-G-M, **"North by Northwest,"** convinces me more than ever that when Alfred Hitchcock is at his best it is because his sense of humor is nicely in tune with his material. It ought to be said at once, of course, that "North by Northwest" is much the best Hitchcock that has come along in some years, and it is probably due to the fact that his situation, this time, has allowed him to indulge his fancy for all sorts of playfully macabre moments. If, by the way, you like to take your suspense straight, the movie has all that's necessary to keep you on the edge of your seat, as Cary Grant gets himself into a variety of baffling and dangerous corners; it is only when you adopt the basic premise that Cary Grant could not possibly come to fatal harm that the tongue in Hitchcock's cheek becomes plainly visible.

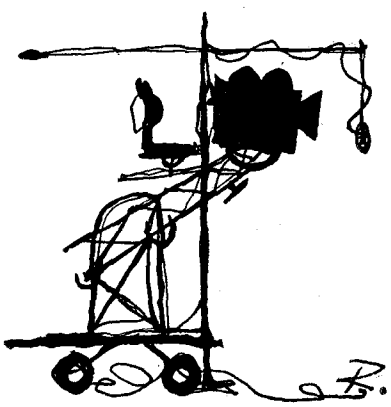
It all starts innocently enough with Mr. Grant, an advertising man, on his way to the Plaza for cocktails. From there he is whisked off by two sinister strangers to a mansion on Long Island Sound, where he soon learns he is to be done away with because he has been mistaken for someone else. The method: a fifth of bourbon is poured into his throat and he is then put at the wheel of a Mercedes Benz. This naturally allows for several breath-taking moments as he endeavors to keep the car on a reasonably straight course. Sobered up, he looks for the man he is supposed to be (not realizing that a secret government agency has made up the fellow literally out of whole cloth, including a wardrobe of several suits) and also for the sinister chap who thinks he *is* that man.

But the villains are devilish and ingenious. Grant is at the U.N. speaking to an important delegate. The delegate suddenly gasps, and Mr. Grant notices the handle of a knife sticking from his back. What does Hitchcock have him do next? Mr. Grant pulls the knife out from the delegate's vertebrae and, bemused, examines it. Several photographers appear and photograph the man with the knife. Grant runs, but the picture appears on the front page of several dozen newspapers, and he has the task not only of finding a villain, a nonexistent double, and the reason for it all, but must run the risk of being instantly recognizable wherever he goes. The similarity to the running gag of the silent film is unmistakable.

The funniest and the most macabre of Grant's trials occurs when he is waiting for his "double" at a barren crossroads in the midst of a vast Illinois cornfield. Someone once said that the most chilling effects can be gotten by placing one's hero in an empty field in bright sunlight. It is afternoon. Grant stands at the edge of the highway, impeccably dressed, waiting. A car appears in the distance. It whooshes by. Another appears. A farmer gets out to wait for a bus. The farmer remarks to Grant on the oddness of a small plane crop-dusting a crop that doesn't need dusting. The whole thing is done with such realism that I suppose it can be called surrealism.

MR. HITCHCOCK, no doubt having the time of his life, drags out his yarn a little too long, mainly because his climax occurs on the sculpted monuments to four Presidents on Mount Rushmore, and having gone to all that trouble to get there, he must now make use of this photographic opportunity. These moments are the least suspenseful and also the most obvious in humorous terms. But for the most part he is at the top of his form. His players are perfect: Grant, Eva Marie Saint, and James Mason; also, Jessie Royce Landis, Leo G. Carroll, and Martin Landau. And a complimentary word for Ernest Lehman, who wrote the screenplay. Mr. Lehman not only provided Hitchcock with exactly the right kind of story to take advantage of his skills, but he has written that rare thing these days—a screen original. It is no wonder, then, that "North by Northwest" is all movie, and a delightful treat as well.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.



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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

The Comedy Kingdom

UNTIL three years ago, the Greeks had pretty much relegated ancient comedy to the bookshelf. Tragedy was timeless, but comedy depended too much on knowledge of the politics and art of 2,400 years ago. What, for instance, will jokes about Eisenhower or rock 'n' roll mean to audiences of the future? And there was an additional difficulty in the modern taboos violated in the old comedies. Jokes about the male and female anatomy were in abundance and were an accepted and essential element of the proceedings. If the tragedies reminded people of their moral capacity, the comedies reveled in demonstrating their immoral frailties. Perhaps in the remains of today's American burlesque we have a modern near-equivalent of this unpretentious coarseness. And in the modern Greek revue "Omonia, Splash! Splash!" (the title ridicules the recent modernization of an Athens square) we find some of the Aristophanic satirization of public figures and events.

But having had such success with reforming the pedantic presentation of the tragedies, two Greek directors ventured a new exploration of the comedies. The more cautious and superficial of these was tried by Alexis Solomos, whose latest presentation of Aristophanes's **"The Frogs"** at Epidaurus has scored a mild success. In it the low comics are Dionysius, a short and cowardly demigod, and his overworked servant, Xanthias. About one-third of the play's fun comes from their earthy antics. Some of their clowning is inventive and amusing, particularly the moment at which Dionysius and Charon try to row with each pulling in the opposite direction and another scene in which they bargain with a corpse to carry their luggage to the underworld for them. However, a lot of it is arbitrary and trite tomfoolery.

The second third of the play's fun comes from the satirical battle between Euripides and Aeschylus for the poet's chair in Hell, and the right to return with Dionysius to Athens for the purpose of revitalizing the theatre there. The performance here is as unsubtle as the actors can make it, with the overdrawn characters represented as two boxers who are toweled and massaged between rounds. By judicious cutting and stress on the personal rather than the literary affectations, these scenes hold the audience's interest. Finally, there is the chorus, which carries the play's poetry. Here the members of the chorus have been most fortunate in having modern music to help them. Composed by the young Greek composer, Manos Hadjadakis, it is easily the star of the evening. Its comic pomp and bouncy rhythms lead the chorus into absurd numbers as delightful as what the Harvard University Band used to do at a football game with "Wintergreen for President."

SIGNIFICANTLY, Mr. Hadjadakis has composed the bulk of his theatre music for the justly famous Art Theatre of Charles Koun. Mr. Koun has been fighting a one-man battle for twenty-five years to free the Greek theatre from the influence of both a French acting style and the Max Reinhardt school of producing. His production of Aristophanes's "Ploutos" two seasons ago shook up Greek audiences by using such modern items as a victrola and a hurdy-gurdy. Mr. Koun defends such anachronisms by pointing out that the ancient scenic elements are actually a distraction for modern audiences who need contemporary symbols in order to relate the events of the plays to their own lives. He says, "we modern Greeks happen to live in the same land as did our ancient forefathers. No matter how many cultures have gone by or whether or not we believe that our race has undergone certain alterations, we do live under many of the same conditions which influence our everyday life and way of thinking. The shores and distant line of the horizon, the stones and bronze mountains, the long sunsets, the sky strong and clear—these are all the same.

"The shepherd, before the sun rises, will tread the same stones and paths to lead his sheep to the pasture. The fisherman will beat the octopus on the same rocks. The street vendors with their baskets will search for shade in the same manner to protect their merchandise from the burning heat of midday. In the Greek village, on the Greek island, and in the countryside, which has not yet been influenced by the mechanical civilization of this century and where men still live and toil in direct contact with nature, the pace of life, the shapes, even the sounds, must necessarily bear a resemblance to those of ancient Greece. These living elements which influenced Homer, Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, and Aristophanes, can help us to understand and interpret the thoughts and poetry in their work much more than all the secondary books and historical knowledge concerning the external form of an ancient Greek performance. Let us who live in the country search around us and discover out of its real life many ways to present these plays to modern audiences without betraying their spirit and intention of the original writing."

Mr. Koun practises what he preaches, both in his occasional excursions into ancient theatre and in his repertory company, which does mostly modern plays. His company is young and their approach to acting is Stanislavski inspired. He has directed twelve plays by Tennessee Williams, who he feels is the greatest of all modern playwrights. And the rest of the repertoire consists mainly of Lorca, Brecht, Wilder, Miller, and Chekhov. "I like plays that begin with emotion," he says.

Unfortunately for Greece, Mr. Koun, who like Circle-in-the-Square's José Quintero has built up an audience for the best in modern theatre, has a heart condition that is the result of the constant overwork and the worry that comes from trying to keep his 230-seat theatre financially sound in a country where ticket prices rarely go above a dollar. Although the Greek National Theatre is given a large subsidy, Mr. Koun gets none. The only substantial private contribution he has received comes from John Goulandris, owner of the Greek Line, who generously donated the money for a lighting switchboard. How much longer Mr. Koun will be around to direct such beautiful and truthful performances as the ones I saw of "Blood Wedding" and "Suddenly Last Summer" is probably a matter of how soon someone in Greece will see to it that he is relieved of his financial anxieties. However, the Greek Dramatic Festival has recognized his artistry by inviting him to produce Aristophanes's "The Birds" in August. This, too, will have music by Hadjadakis and not only promises to be one of the top events on the 1959 festival circuit, but also to clear the way for a more effective modern presentation of ancient comedy. —HENRY HEWES.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Zürich, with Wagner on the Side

ZÜRICH, SWITZERLAND.

IF THE following reads more like a travel chronicle than music reportage, I can only apologize to Horace Sutton and plead the excuse that it is, after all, about Switzerland. There is something about this lyric land—"something" being a weasel word for lakes and mountains, vigorous air and incomparable vistas—which turns any writer into a travel writer, at least once. If he cannot drop the role of critic and turn appreciator while in Switzerland, he might as well go to the Catskills and be captious.

Even in such a metropolis as Zürich, one need only turn his back on the thriving Bahnhofstrasse, with its watches on parade and every other kind of merchandise known to the marts of trade, to look up-lake at an eye-filling spectacle of rolling green hills, with snow-streaked mountains in the distance. No wonder there are few *Zürchers* elsewhere (they take the almost daily rain in stride, as part of the price for the magnificent vegetation); who would want to emigrate from its manifold attractions—commercial, physical, spiritual—to live in some less favored place?

Migrating to them is something else again. Zürich has a long list of the creative people ill-favored elsewhere who found a hospice for the spirit as well as a home for the body within walking distance of the lakeside promenade. Musically, the most illustrious of them was Richard Wagner, who enjoyed the hospitality (to say the least) of the Wesendoncks at "Green Hill" while writing "Tristan." The one-time suburb of Enge is now just one more residential area of the town, and Wagner's presence is hard to trace, for the reason, perhaps, that the domestic complications it involved hardly lend themselves to guide-book prose.

Not so, however, the beautifully situated "Triebschen" on Lake Lucerne, which can be reached in a comfortable hour-and-a-half drive from Zürich. By the time of this Swiss residence, ten years after "Green Hill," Minna had died, Wagner's liaison with Cosima had become legalized, and he was in the full tide of creativity which led to the completion of "Meistersinger," the "Ring," etc. Never a niggard where living on other people's finances were concerned, Wagner's Triebschen (magnificently maintained as a museum by the city of Lucerne) still commands its own peninsula, boat house and breath-taking vistas to the lake, the town, and the mountains beyond. The brief shower of my day's visit brought forth a shore-to-shore rainbow whose counterpart, some other July afternoon nearly a century ago, might have cued the orchestral colors for the end of "Rheingold."

So much for what the vicinity of Zürich has to offer to honor the great man of its past. What it is doing to honor him in the present is another matter. It has, during this year's annual June festival, taken the form of a presentation of the "Ring" in the Stadt-theatre which, by American standards, seems about "Figaro" size. But the audience took with all sobriety a recent performance of "Götterdämmerung" with nearly eighty members of the *Tonhalleorchester* in the pit, Robert F. Denzler conducting, and a mixed bag of performers on stage.

How "Rheingold," "Walküre," or "Siegfried" might have fared, there was no evidence; but for "Götterdämmerung" producer Karl Heinz Krahl has taken the current Bayreuth line with hook and sinker. Most of the stage is occupied by a round platform, on which other platforms can be angled, tilted, or stuck on end. From time to time, slide projections to the rear suggest forest or mountains, and there is electrified "fire" as Siegfried

comes and goes from the mountain top. In the illness of Birgit Nilsson and her alternate Hildegard Jonas, Martha Mödl was imported from Amsterdam to sing Brünnhilde. As her previous night's occupation was Isolde, curtain time was set back from six to seven o'clock, while the audience promenaded or fretted in their seats till Mödl could be made ready.

In some circumstances, one might have been apprehensive for the success of a Brünnhilde in a "new" production for which she had no rehearsal. But Mödl has been through much the same thing elsewhere so many times that it hardly bothered her at all. Standard Bayreuth costuming, gestures, and movements (also her authoritative if short-ranged singing) more than sufficed. My sympathies, instead, went out to the little pigtailed girl beside me who had to absorb her first "Götterdämmerung" with never a sight of Brünnhilde's horse, Grane (either live or stuffed), no glimpse of the Rhine at the hall of the Gibichungs (some red curtains were all there were to suggest barbaric splendor), and Rhinemaidens who all too palpably lolled on the floor with never a pretense of swimming. If this is the brave new world of opera to which today's young are being exposed, it is hardly surprising they should prefer the authentic excitement of Elvis Presley.

Denzler (a local favorite now based in Madrid) had some good moments when he had Mödl to work with, or the notable Hagen of Kurt Böhme, or the promising Gunther of Erwin Deblitz. He could hardly look the other way when the Bert Lahrish Siegfried of Bernd Aldenhoff usurped attention, but there was balancing pleasure in the younger talents of Mary Davenport as Waltraute and the well-sounding Gutrune of an attractive soprano-soubrette named Hilde Koch.

THE durable Swiss musicians were back again, barely hours later to prepare the climaxing events of the June concert series: a pair of performances of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony in the Tonhalle, directed by Dr. Volkmar Andreae. A native of Bern whose long life in Swiss music was memorialized in these concerts that celebrated his eightieth birthday, Andreae's projection of the great work was marked by a kind of simplicity, power, and devotion that also characterized his conducting of Bruckner. To be sure, there were moments when problems over which generations of conductors have pondered were resolved merely by going slower or faster (whichever left the listener less perturbed) but there was, also, a gathering momentum that made the choral finale an irrestible affirmation. In the absence of the long announced Hilde Gueden, the soprano part was sung by Eva Maria Rogner, her quartet-mates being Elsa Cavelti, mezzo, Libero de Luca, tenor, and Heinz Rehfuss.

It was, on the whole, a more gratifying evening than the one of the previous week in which André Cluytens directed glossy and rather superficial performances of a Haydn symphony (No. 104 in D) and Moussorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition," with Ricardo Odnoposoff as violin soloist in the Brahms concerto. In any case, the thronged Tonhalle left no doubt that, for natives of Zürich, the festival is a festive time.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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TV AND RADIO

Porkchops and Terror

THE IMAGE of the conformist in our society is almost exclusively that of the middle-class organization man wearing a white collar and a gray-flannel suit. "Hoffa and the Teamsters," a recent CBS-TV documentary, served to remind viewers that the average blue-collar worker, under conditions peculiar to his own economic situation, tends to "go along" with the groupthink as readily as his middle-class counterpart. Even more interesting is the fact that he seems able to conform without any of the inner tensions or twinges of conscience usually attributed to his neighbor in the upper stratum. CBS's provocative hour-long documentary was presented by its Public Affairs Department on the eve of the McClellan committee's resumption of hearings into Hoffa's alleged "hoodlum empire." As a contribution to public understanding of the social problems encountered in the authoritarian, paternalistic, and arrogantly corrupt leadership of America's biggest union, "Hoffa and the Teamsters" left much to be desired.

Hoffa himself performed for the CBS cameras, in a simulated excerpt of office routine at his headquarters in Detroit, in a direct interview with a labor reporter, and at the rostrum of a meeting of his own Teamster's Local 299. The union boss obviously would not participate in a program that attempted an editorial evaluation of his activities. Consequently, although anti-Hoffa viewpoints were also represented on the program, the sum of the show was a pro-and-con presentation with the network neutral. It failed to grapple with the deeper, underlying social conditions of which Hoffa's success is merely a symptom.

The problem of *thinking* about a controversial subject as well as demonstrating its surface aspects, of course, is not only a matter of just how much you can get into an hour's show, but it is also the more difficult matter of the technique required to explore meaning as well as fact. Within its limited objective, however, the show achieved significance by virtue of the glimpses it afforded into the personality structures of Hoffa's satraps and rank-and-filers who regard him as "the finest man God ever put shoes on." Only 400 shop stewards of 16,000 members of the boss's local ever attend meetings. They are willing to follow their leader without a secret ballot and with no serious questions asked. They unabashedly shrug off Hoffa's alleged violence in achieving his goals as ". . . the results are what count, in job security, rising wages, shorter hours, pensions and successful grievance machinery."

"He takes care of us," ran the refrain. This is *happy* conformity, a willingness to trade freedom for security. No doubt many union members see it differently—to wit, loyalty for freedom *and* security. Unhappy conformity was demonstrated on the show by two brothers who operate a small concrete-mix business. "We get along smoothly with the union," they reported with grim humor. "We're Teamsters now." They had felt no need to join—until dynamite exploded in their mixing tower. "Don't stick your neck out" is the code of the conformist. On the executive level the threat is failure to move up, or loss of the job, and the dreaded downgrading of status. On the Teamster's level, the threat is individual helplessness and bodily harm. Fear is the essence of both responses.

All the more remarkable, then, are the unafraid, nonconformist responses made to Hoffa's pattern of porkchop and terror by six men who appeared on the CBS program and told how they fought the boss on the issue of "clean unionism" and suffered the consequences—expulsion, loss of jobs, harassment, and fear for their lives. One man is the father of nine children ("they almost starved"). He would do it all over again, he said. "Someone has to do it." Their ordeal featured seventy-five goons in Cadillacs, an all-night vigil on the porch with a shotgun; and the death of one of the group in a recent "hit-and-run accident." Abundant behavioral insights are available to explain conformity; but on what stuff do union rebels like these feed? Can they be explained, as Lundberg suggests in his book, "Treason of the People," as "individual chronic grousers, oppositionists or perfectionist critics whose only purpose may be to substitute one leadership group for another?"

I hope not; if sociologists could find more affirmative explanations, the refusal of these six "to be taken care of" in a society of acquisitive equilibrium has profound implications for the identification and nurture, on all levels, of the vital strain of ethical principle, and moral courage in the individual. —ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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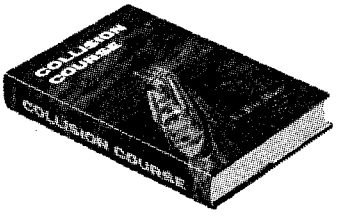

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Russian Dressing

PERHAPS the most compelling thing about the Soviet Exhibition, which has opened in New York is that it is giving Americans their first opportunity to talk with real live Russians face to face. While the exhibits which fill two floors of the Colosseum on Columbus Circle are certainly being pored over, the biggest knots of onlookers are clustered around the Soviet Union's most interesting exhibit: Russian people. Russian supervisors, who appear to be nervous about this turn of events, have been breaking up these fruitful sessions, and frequently when the guides seem to be pressed by the conversationalists they are quickly replaced with a second shift. Most of the Russians speak an admirable amount of English, although none of them speaks it with the flawless ease of those voices, recorded on tape, which explain the technical displays to Americans. Some of these anonymous voices have broad British accents, but others have distinct flavors of New York. They are better by far than any interpreter with whom we ever conversed during two visits to the Soviet Union, one of three weeks and one of two.

If anything the exhibit which the Russians have brought to New York displays their sensitive aptitude, their incredible speed of adaptability, and their brilliant sense of propaganda techniques. It is, after all, scarcely a year since the Soviets unveiled that cold, muscle-flexing, breast-beating exhibit which they brought to the World's Fair at Brussels. Their mammoth effort there was clearly the voice of a government that blushed with a sense of inferiority and was chesty and eager to display to the world its might and its progress. The progress—sputniks aside—was largely in areas which had long since been developed and taken for granted in the Western world.

While these flavors are not altogether missing in New York, they have been largely contained. At the same time the Russians have brought to town an exhibit that is frequently exciting in its content and is almost always handsome and even artful in its technique of display.

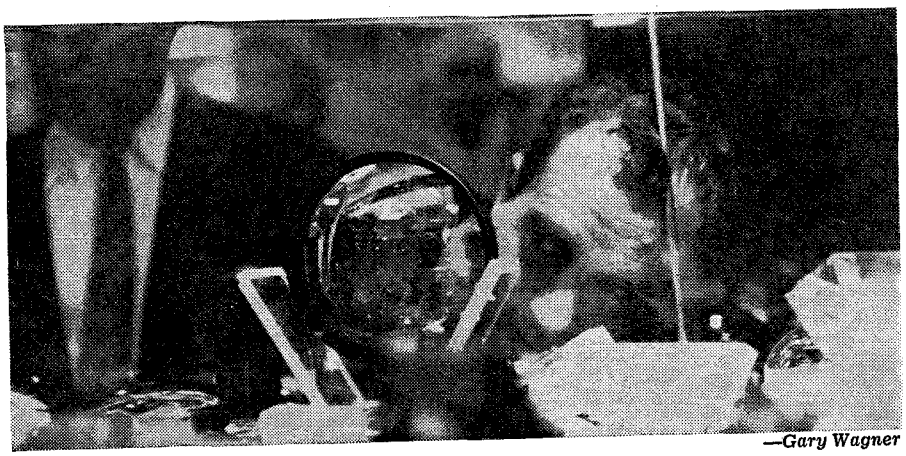
WHETHER the exhibit represents life in the Soviet Union as it is being lived or rather as every Soviet citizen would like to live it is a question to be argued. There is, for instance, an opulent display of furs—a trunk spilling over with sables, a mink coat with a deep shawl collar which a Russian guide told me sells for $2,500, black karacul coats with brown mink collars, white ermine stoles at $380. But in a total of five winter weeks in the Soviet Union I never saw a mink on a Russian woman. "Fur coats are not the style," my Russian interpreter told me last January. And when I had visited here three years earlier, a muskrat coat, let alone mink, in the GUM department store on Red Square was selling for 32,500 rubles. At the four-to-one rate of exchange that prevailed then the coat was worth $8,000. At the current tourist exchange of ten rubles to a dollar the muskrat coat would cost $3,200. Price at New York's Bergdorf-Goodman: $900-$1,300.

Candies and canned goods, luxurious glassware and toys spill out in displays that suggest an endless supply. But it must be said that I paid $1.50 at the ten-to-one rate for two gritty chocolate bars in Alma Ata this winter. The cars which the Russians have brought to the show are colorful and often fat as an overripe Cadillac, but never in Russia did I see the two-tone flashy paint jobs, which were on display in Brussels and which have now been brought to New York. Generally speaking, small Moskvitch models and Pobedas are gray and big Zims and the Zis are black. In New York, however, the Russians are showing a terra cotta and white Moskvitch station wagon, a huge maroon 7 to 8 passenger Chaika with a red checkered interior and big fins and outsized tail lights in the Detroit fashion. A tell-tale key to the facilities available on the Soviet highway is the four-door Volga, which comes complete with gear shift on the wheel, directional signals and in the trunk, a tire pump.

On the main floor behind the dramatic view of the Soviet space satellites in the central hall is a dynamic display of Soviet advances in commercial aviation. One can scarcely say, as one said in Brussels, that the formidable TU-114, the turbo prop which can carry 200 passengers at 500-mile-an-hour speeds, is nothing more than a model. After all, Frol Kozlov had arrived on one in eleven hours nonstop from Moscow the day before the exhibition was previewed by the press. (When Nixon was questioned whether he would get to Moscow as quickly he hedged and said he would be flying against the winds. Actually he will be flying with the prevailing winds, and given a plane of comparable speed he should make it faster.)

The model of the TU-114—the actual plane is on public display at New York's Idlewild Airport—shows such advancements as private sleeping compartments like railroad roomettes, a two-story galley with a chef in white togs sending up the food in a dumb-waiter. At the moment TU-114s are for Kozlov excursions. The pure jet TU-104 now in service between Western Europe and Moscow and between Moscow and Tashkent, Alma Ata and Peking, is, at 500 mph, slower than either the Boeing 707 or the forthcoming DC-8s. It is, moreover, a good deal noisier and not nearly so well fitted out. On short haul trips inside the Soviet Union, Aeroflot relies on the old Ilyushin, which does not bother with safety belts or pressurization and is frequently staffed with a hostess who wears her own street clothes.

A working model of a Utopian So-



—Gary Wagner

Veep's peep—Nixon-eye-view of the Russian Exhibition in New York.

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viet airport is frankly a dazzling display. Tiny jet models taxi out on a runway, then on signal take off on a track, climb into the sky, bank over the tower, and return for a landing. Meanwhile, radar instruments plot the course of the plane, a conversation between the plane and the tower in English is broadcast over a loudspeaker, and a commentary in clear English is piped into headphones that may be picked up by viewers. The planes, neatly lined up in front of covered ramps extending like fingers from the terminal, do not exactly match my memory of crunching over the snow at Moscow, through the mud at Simpferopol, or over the wartime metal treads, which were still spread over the field at Samarkand last January.

Here and there the Russians were tempted into a heroic statue of a worker, an idealized sculpture of heroic athletes forging ahead, and the inevitable slogans. "The USSR is a Voluntary Union of Fifteen Equal Soviet Socialist Republics." "In the USSR Unemployment Has Been Stamped Out for All Time. People Receive Equal Pay for Equal Work." "In the Soviet Union Education Is Free of Charge. There Are No Illiterates in the Soviet Union." One might quibble with the word "voluntary," question the total absence of illiteracy, even wonder if the Russians were beginning to swallow their own propaganda about unemployment in the U. S. Certainly one would have to balk at the platitude which the Russians have hung in the cultural section which claims that "Art Belongs to the People." Quite clearly it belongs to the state, and if the Soviet exhibition has fallen down anywhere it is here. The selections are loaded with Johanson's "Communists Under Cross Examination," Serov's "Delegates from the Villages Visiting Lenin During the Revolution," Brodsky's large canvas of Lenin in Smolny, and a monstrous caricature of Hitler and his staff in the last days in the bunker, called "The End." And finally there is that poster-art painting of which the Russians must be very proud, called "Mother of a Partisan" which depicts a Nazi soldier about to strike a pregnant peasant. I have seen it displayed in Brussels and in the important exhibition of art in the Socialist countries, which the Russians arranged in the Menège in Moscow this winter.

It surprised me to find displayed Lenin's telling proclamation, "Of all the arts the most important for us is the cinema." "Us" seems to be the key word, and by it I judge he meant the Communist Party. In the Kazakh Republic alone the theatres have grown from twenty in 1914 to 3,723 in 1958, libraries from 139 in 1914 to 6,307. In the entire USSR there are 400,000 libraries and the Soviet exhibitionists have brought over a small collection of books and magazines. "You are invited to browse," says a sign, "however, due to U. S. Customs regulations these books cannot be removed from the premises." Among the books, "Nikita's Childhood" (no relation), published in English by the Foreign Language Publishing House of Moscow. Sample paragraph, "Mamma again played the piano, the children danced and sang 'round the Christmas tree, but the candles were already burning low and Arkady Ivanovich, jumping up and down, put them out." Not far down the hall is a Christmas tree, artfully decorated too. As a Russian librarian in a newly purchased U. S. lightweight suit explained to me, "It is a New Year's tree. We no longer celebrate Christmas."

Over an assortment of periodicals, is the notice that 875 titles of magazines were published last year as well as 2,650 scientific papers in fifty-seven languages. Thoughtfully the Russians have not put on public view any copies of *Krokodil*, whose pages are suffused with biting, bitter, slanderously anti-American cartoons.

The models of sections of the Soviet subway systems which have been brought over here do not in any way reflect the lavish grandeur which exists under the streets of Moscow and to an even more awesome extent in Leningrad. The model of the Technological Institute Station in Leningrad and Moscow's Kropotkinskaya Station are practically barren alongside the murals, the chandeliers, the mosaics, and the heroic sculptures that decorate some of the stations, as *nouveau riche* in taste as the lobby of this year's Miami Beach hotel. Moreover, they must seem so to those who chose these particular examples of the famed Russian underground.

ON THE other hand, the exhibitors have not been quite so sensitive in sniffing out the nuances in other fields, particularly where national pride was at stake. It is an old wheeze in the Western world that Russians have claimed the invention of every mechanical device beginning with the wheel. On hand in their show at New York is a head of A. S. Popov, 1852-1906, who is rather baldly labeled "The Inventor of the Radio." For evidence there is on display the world's first radio receiver, which brother Popov demonstrated at a meeting of the Russian Physical and Chemical

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Society on May 7, 1895. By coincidence that was the same year in which Marconi, who had been experimenting with a homemade apparatus, first sent signals over a mile. Nearby is a further Soviet claim on behalf of P. L. Shilling, who is alleged to have put on the first public demonstration of the electro-magnetic telegraph in St. Petersburg in 1832. That, oddly enough, was the same year when Samuel F. B. Morse began to work on the telegraph which was demonstrated to the U. S. Congress in 1844 and later won the acclaim of the world, less, I imagine, Russia, where the idea was old hat.

A display depicting Artek, the children's camp in the Crimea, which I visited in 1953, occupies one whole bright corner at the New York showing. Artek, as the billboards advertise, "processes" 7,000 children a year, among them 200-300 boys and girls from foreign countries. Happy little dolls in the form of happy little campers are shown bouncing all over Artek's grounds in the display, several of them, dark skinned. My memories of Artek are vivid indeed and I can still hear the spirited roar of the children as they sang their songs, as they surged around me, on order from their counselors, insisting I stay for lunch. Nor can I forget the lady doctor who directed the operation and who plunged her fork into a steak, lifted the meat whole off her plate, bit off a mouthful and with fork still in hand, asked me whether camps of this type existed in the U. S.

An extraordinary professional program for full press coverage of the Soviet Exhibition was mounted in New York, and writers were even provided in advance with pregummed stickers to affix to their calendars so they wouldn't forget the date of the press preview. Soviet delegates were at the door to hand out press kits. Something of a snafu occurred when in mid-showing on preview day the entire building was cleared of American press representatives in advance of President Eisenhower's arrival, leaving him alone with the police, detectives, Secret Service, State Department assistants, Russian press, and the Russian exhibitors. The authorities finally relented. Holders of White House press credentials were ushered through the door, then holders of working press cards and finally anybody with a police department press credential. There was a tremendous crush when the President arrived and began a rather brisk walk through the Exhibit with Mr. Kozlov at his elbow, a rather harried interpreter with his head wedged between their shoulders, and the press at their heels. At one point Cabot

(*Continued on page 39*)

THE PHOENIX NEST

Edited by Martin Levin

ON PASSING A SMALL PLACE ON FIFTH AVENUE WHERE A BUILDING ONCE WAS

I've passed you several dozen times,
And (now your neighbors stand
without you)
I can't recall your face or lines,
Or anything at all about you.
Where did they take your bones,
and what
Became of your partitions?
The only epitaph you've got
Reads "Carpo Demolition."

Were you leather and luggage—
linen and lace,
Shirts or silver or silkware (Indo)?
Dowdy or dashing or fair of face?
Did I never pause to look in your
window?
Were you made of concrete, brick
or stone?
Were you columned or Victorian?
Were you plagued by age or broken
bones?
Did you have a past to glory in?

Did they give you biers and bearers
(pall)
And at the last lament you?
Or simply bring the wrecker's ball
And, quickly, uncement you.

—Richard Lemon.

• • •

PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS
PO-AMERIKANSKI

MY SAD and restless Russian soul is always fascinated by the Americans' supreme devotion to their constitutional right of pursuing happiness. By that, and also by the newly developed do-it-yourself American way of life. Having fled my own country with happiness pursuing hard on my heels, I cannot but admire the perseverance, the ruthlessness, the abandon with which the Americans try to achieve their goal. They devour a great multitude of books on the art of being happy, each containing a remarkable set of do-it-yourself instructions toward the ultimate objective.

I must confess that I have fallen under the spell of the chase although we Russians are not a do-it-yourself people. I have tried successively, if not successfully, to find happiness through losing weight by eating more and through gaining weight by eating less; through living alone and liking it and through living with two sisters-in-law and not liking it; through influencing people and making enemies and through letting others influence me and making friends. I have also lived dangerously and the result of those experiments is a fine fat book on the mating habits of a small Russian community in New Hampshire called *Peytonskaya Ploschad.*

I have tried to achieve the state of nirvana by meditation and cogitation. It would have worked out well if I could only concentrate on pleasant subjects. But invariably some horrible thoughts crept into my meditations and cogitations, and I had to give up the method.

I have tried out a bed of nails. Sleeping on a bed of nails has its points but I would advise you against it. Suppose you grow accustomed to the bed of nails and begin to like it, and then suddenly a few nails break, or become dulled or dislocated, and your sleep is ruined. You toss restlessly on your bed. You are uncomfortable; you suffer; you are no longer happy.

I do like the peace of mind method of gaining happiness but that, too, has a flaw: it will bring you complete happiness only if you know that there is at least one person who envies you your peace of mind. If no one envies you your peace of mind you shall never have it. —M. K. Argus.

• • •

FUNNY MAN

WHEN they were filming "The Good Earth," the late Walter Connolly played the part of the comedy uncle. One morning's shooting on location was occupied by Connolly telling amusing stories to Chinese children. They had rounded up half a hundred of them from the Los Angeles environs. Connolly sat on a bench and told his stories to them with comic gestures and grimaces. It was the business of the Chinese children to respond to this with hearty laughter. And they did.

At noontime Connolly was seated alone eating his location lunch sandwiches when a little four-year-old youngster approached and studied him for a considerable period. Then sum-

Wrecks to Riches

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moning his courage, he asked, "Are you the funny man?" Connolly with appropriate gestures and grimaces, answered, "Yes, I am the funny man." The boy's next question was: "Why don't I laugh?"

—HOWARD LINDSAY.

• • •

A PLACE FOR EVERYTHING

IT'S ALWAYS hard to decide how much advice to take from a professional and when to strike out on your own. A lot of people who aren't doctors know quite a bit about illnesses from having been sick. If a person breaks his leg, there are a few little things he knows about broken legs that the doctor will never understand without breaking his.

One of the bitterest conflicts between amateur and professional is in the matter of house design. Architects know more about houses, but the greatest experts in the world on how a man and his wife live in a house are the man and his wife. Particularly his wife. Architects are impatient with wives who draw their dream homes on the backs of brown paper bags. Wives are angered by architects who are trying to build them the *architects'* idea of their perfect home. It includes none of the impractical little suggestions on the back of the paper bag.

Architects haven't been used as much as they should have been and it's partially their own fault. Architects ought to try to understand that people don't always want a house where there is a place for everything. If there is a place to put everything, most people put it someplace else. What people want is a few odd cubby holes that are not designed for anything. They want a closet or a small room that just isn't *meant* for anything.

Owners like to convert parts of their house into other parts. About twenty-five years ago, it was popular to convert cellars into playrooms. ("Whoopee rooms.") Now architects are building finished playrooms into every home. They aren't being used as much as they were, either. Ping-pong tables are down and the box with the Christmas tree lights is piled on top of the bar. Someday a bright young architect is going to make a fortune just by understanding people. He's going to sell plans for converting those store-bought playrooms into fruit cellars, coal bins, and storage places for old ice skates.

Architects have got to learn that people don't want houses that are smarter than they are.

—ANDREW ROONEY.

BELLES-LETTRES

From the Call to the Fall

"The Prophetic Voice in Modern Fiction," by William R. Mueller *(Association Press; Haddam House. 156 pp. $3.50), explores the religious themes in the novels of six writers from Kafka to Camus. R. W. Lewis, who teaches at Rutgers University, is the author of "The Picaresque Saint."*

By R. W. B. Lewis

THE ANALYSIS of modern literature in religious terms has become a major American intellectual enterprise in recent years; at the moment it looks like the most serious (in several senses) literary development since the peak years of the New Criticism. There must be many reasons for this critical shift. But chief among them, certainly, are those summarized by William R. Mueller, in the well-balanced introduction to his book "The Prophetic Voice in Modern Fiction" (a book written for Haddam House, "an editorial venture in the area of religious literature"). Mr. Mueller points to "a paradoxical situation," wherein "much of our ostensibly religious writing" is mawkish, sentimental, flabby, and offensive; while at the same time, "the most profound religious writing is frequently to be found in works which may initially appear to have little or nothing to do" with religious experience. The works in question are the best of twentieth-century fiction. It is in modern novels, says Mr. Mueller, that we hear the voices we need to hear—voices resembling to some extent those of the ancient prophets, announcing and commenting on the deeply disturbing spiritual condition of the age. (Mr. Mueller's use of the word "prophetic," incidentally, is both precise and illuminating.)

In view of the present situation, Mr. Mueller has had the excellent idea of bringing each of six modern novels together with the Old and New Testaments in a kind of dialogue on some of the great issues affecting the nature and destiny of man. The novels chosen are at least *among* the best of our time, though some, perhaps, were picked less on their own merits than as illustrative of a pre-existent theme. The themes, in addition, fulfill an ancient and traditional order, and the novels, too, are so arranged —thus: the theme of vocation (Joyce's "A Portrait of the Artist"); sin or "the fall" (Camus's "The Fall"); judgment (Kafka's "The Trial"); suffering (Faulkner's "The Sound and the Fury"); love (Graham Greene's "The Heart of the Matter"), and redemption or the theme of the redeemable "remnant" (Silone's "A Handful of Blackberries"). Modern fiction, as inspected by Mr. Mueller, ambiguously re-enacts the basic Christian career from the divine call through sin, judgment, and suffering to acceptance, love, and redemption.

MR. MUELLER'S idea is not only good, it is courageous; for he has willingly exposed himself to attacks from all sides. For one thing, the Bible is not everywhere regarded as adequate for the full reach of the dialogue he proposes; many items which have agitated the Christian spirit over the centuries originated not in the Bible but in the dogmatizing of the Church Fathers and the ruminations of the Christian community in council assembled. For another, more austere literary critics are ready to pounce on any seeming "distortion" of a text due to extraliterary interests. It may be emphasized that Mr. Mueller does his knowing best to avoid that danger. His aim is to "let the Bible and modern fiction speak freely from their own inner beings"; the novel speaks first in each chapter, then the Bible, then the two voices are compared. Yet one feels, after all, that the Bible has been allowed to settle the terms and topics of discussion in advance; so that if the novels speak freely, they do so on matters not necessarily of their own choosing.

We are in dense cultural thickets here, where every man has his own notion of the right way out. But for this reviewer the danger is not any loss of novelistic "integrity"; it is the possible loss of a religious content in modern fiction which is not susceptible of formulation in Biblical terms, and hence may be overlooked. New

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religious concepts are (arguably) in the making; and one gets at them, in some cases, by submitting to the actual stress and structure of the individual novel, and by locating it within the author's peculiar spiritual odyssey.

Mr. Mueller's method is always impressive but not always equally successful. The chapter on James Joyce proceeds admirably, for Stephen Dedalus's sense of artistic calling, especially as revealed in the calling out of his own name ("Stephanos Dedalos! Bous Stephanoumenos!"), is developed by Joyce in conscious ironic relation to the traditional notion of God's call to man. And Mr. Mueller is suggestive in comparing the little band of ex-Communists in "A Handful of Blackberries" to that "remnant of my scattered flock" whose redemption was prophesied by Jeremiah. The Pauline doctrine of sin, moreover, leads Mr. Mueller to a sharp insight into the quite different concept in Camus's "The Fall." The fall of Clamence in that book, Mr. Mueller remarks, was an oddly liberating event, which freed Clamence "from self-righteousness though not from unrighteousness."

"The Fall" might be further clarified by associating it with the post-Biblical paradox of "the fortunate fall" (as "The Heart of the Matter" makes a sense that somewhat eludes Mr. Mueller, through its involvement with the essentially post-Biblical idea of Purgatory). Better yet, "The Fall" can be interpreted by observing its place in the whole sequence of Camus's writings—from which a curious and obstinately un-Christian religious attitude seems dimly to be emerging. But it is a novel like "The Trial," which raises the most difficult questions. For "The Trial" is an extreme instance of the not always happy tendency in modern fiction to create the terms of interpretation—the criteria of meaning—from within; drawing little or nothing from the pre-existing outside world of fact, experience, and belief. Only with the utmost tact may such a novel be brought to "speak" to a portion of that outside world: to the Biblical view of judgment, for example; and what you get, then, is not an exchange of attitudes towards a single subject, but a dialectical movement into the unknown.

These remarks, however, are intended only as responses from the thickets. Mr. Mueller, in the course of saying many wise and observant things, has managed to engage us in a dialogue *with* his dialogue, stimulating us into groping along with him and adding to the chance of eventually finding a right way out.

Keys to the Writer's Art

—*Culver.*

George Eliot—wrote for grown-ups.

"The Novels of George Eliot," by Jerome Thale *(Columbia University Press. 175 pp. $3.75) and* ***"Movement and Vision in George Eliot's Novels," by Reva Stump*** *(University of Washington. 232 pp. $4.50), are both careful exegeses of the art of fiction, as practiced by one of the past century's great women novelists. Critic Ben Ray Redman writes frequently about the English literary tradition.*

By Ben Ray Redman

A FEW weeks after George Eliot died, in 1880, Leslie Stephen wrote that she had been "the greatest living writer of English fiction," and that her works "may hereafter appear as marking the termination of the great period of English fiction which began with Scott." He was right on both counts, but he was blind to the greatness of "Middlemarch," and he was influential in propagating the belief that George Eliot's best work was done when she had finished "The Mill on the Floss." Thirty years later, in the eleventh edition of the Encyclopaedia Britannica, the lady who wrote now-largely-forgotten novels under the name of John Oliver Hobbes proved herself more percipient than Stephen. " 'Middlemarch,' " declared Mrs. Craigie, "was supreme at the time of its writing, and it remains supreme, of its school, in European literature."

The way had been shown to future critics. Leslie Stephen's daughter would describe George Eliot's masterpiece as "one of the few English novels written for grown-up people." F. R. Leavis, the great Catabrigian scrutator, would set his seal upon it as the "one book" that "can, as a whole (though not without qualification), be said to represent her mature genius." In the studies before us Jerome Thale does not quarrel with the verdict that "Middlemarch" is "possibly the greatest" of English novels, and Miss Stump salutes it as "one of the greatest novels ever written." The order of precedence within the Eliotean canon seems to have been established; critical interpretation, exegesis, analysis, and description of the canonical works proceed apace.

Mr. Thale, assistant professor of English at Marquette, approaches his task with a simplicity of attitude and statement that is refreshing in an age of hieratic critics and hermetic criticism. To each of George Eliot's seven novels he has devoted a chapter in which he has tried to "deal chiefly with what seems to [him] central to the novel at hand," while "keeping in mind [its relation] to the other novels and to more general considerations." He has not sought to unify his study in terms of his author's "ideas," "life," "recurring situations and patterns," or "development." Instead, he has tried to let each novel speak for itself, in regard to content, significance, and artistic worth; but he has also recognized the presence of certain recurrent ideas, and in his concluding chapter he had hazarded "certain generalizations about the rationale of George Eliot's fiction."

HE HAS, I think, done well what he set out to do within self-imposed limits. He is always intelligent and intelligible, never precious or pretentious. He does not study character and construction with the attention to detail shown by Joan Bennett in her valuable "George Eliot," and he is not as formidable in argument as is Dr. Leavis; but he does not suffer from the latter's crippling conviction that all critics save himself must always be wrong—or right for the wrong reasons—nor does he make the Leavitical mistake of taking himself more seriously than his subject.

Miss Stump's expanded doctoral

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—Culver.

The Donnelthorne Arms, the setting of "Adam Bede," depicted in an 1886 limited edition of the "Works of George Eliot."

dissertation is dedicated to the proposition that in each of George Eliot's novels there is a structural rhythm that is produced by "the movement towards and the movement away from moral vision." This vision may be described briefly as a human being's recognition of his true relation to "the complex reality of a world that does not revolve about the candle of egoism," and the antithetical movements traced by Miss Stump involve complexes of images and symbols that, she believes, must be studied microscopically if one is to approach understanding of the novelist's art and thought.

As an exercise in "close reading" Miss Stump's dissertation is fascinating, exhibiting as it does the perils and rewards of this fashionable critical method. Her ardor as an image-hunter may drive some readers towards iconoclasm; but there is no doubt that recurrent images can tell us a good deal about an author's art —perhaps even more about the way he sees the world—and George Eliot herself has spelled out the fact that in her novels she was trying to achieve "moral vision" for both writer and reader. Among other things, Miss Stump is to be congratulated upon her understanding of George Eliot's attitude towards the heroine of "Middlemarch."

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

PEDESTRIANISM IN PROSE AND POETRY

Here are the beginnings of five works of prose fiction and of five poems, in each of which walking is performed. Howard T. Bain of Ashley Falls, Massachusetts, asks you to name the works quoted and to identify the authors. Everybody sits down on page 39.

1. Although I am an old man, night is generally my time for walking.
2. She walks in beauty, like the night
   Of cloudless climes and starry skies.
3. On an evening in the latter part of May a middle-aged man was walking homeward from Shaston to the village of Marlott, in the adjoining Vale of Blakemore or Blackmoor.
4. Let us walk in the white snow
   In a soundless space.
5. There was no possibility of taking a walk that day.
6. I had for my winter evening walk
   No one at all with whom to talk.
7. When he finished packing, he walked out on to the third-floor porch of the barracks brushing the dust from his hands, a very neat and deceptively slim young man in the summer khakis that were still early morning fresh.
8. In the spring of the year, in the spring of the year,
   I walked the road beside my dear.
9. As I walked through the wilderness of this world, I lighted on a certain place where was a den, and I laid me down in that place to sleep; and, as I slept, I dreamed a dream.
10. On the gray sand beside the shallow stream,
    Under your old wind-beaten tower, where still
    A lamp burns on beside the open book
    That Michael Robartes left, you walk in the moon.

it's tempting

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the screwtape letters

By C. S. Lewis

When it first appeared sixteen years ago, THE SCREWTAPE LETTERS was recognized as a milestone in the history of popular theology. When most books dealing with temptation, sin, and hell were looking down upon these aspects of life from above, THE SCREWTAPE LETTERS looked up at them from below!

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Christopher Morley in the Book-of-the-Month-Club News

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Behind the Bosses of the Brotherhoods

Ironically, as organized labor has gained respectability since its agitated infancy, it has at the same time been grimed by disclosures of corruption. To understand its cross-stitching in the warp of our society, Harry J. Carman—former dean of Columbia College and for five years a member of the New York State Board of Mediation—recommends four new studies: ***"A History of American Labor," by Joseph G. Rayback*** *(Macmillan. 457 pp. $6),* ***"The A. F. of L. from the Death of Gompers to the Merger," by Philip Taft*** *(Harper. 499 pp. $7.50),* ***"Labor, U.S.A.," by Lester Velie*** *(Harper. 318 pp. $4.95), and* ***"The Crisis of American Labor," by Sidney Lens*** *(Sagamore, 318 pp. $6).*

By HARRY J. CARMAN

THESE four volumes are added evidence of the rapidly increasing interest of the American people in the history and current status of American labor. The first two deal primarily with labor's past record or parts thereof; the last two with the issues and problems that confront organized labor today. Unquestionably, each of the four—though differing in content and emphasis—contributes much to the literature of the American labor movement.

Joseph G. Rayback, the author of the first volume listed above is head of the Department of History at

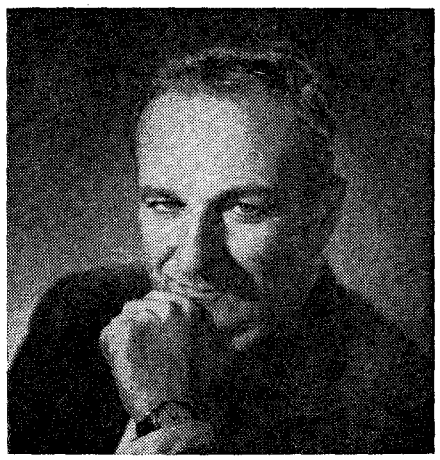
John G. Rayback—"factual information."

Pennsylvania State University and acting head of the university's newly established Department of Labor Education. Like the authors of single-volume accounts of the history of American labor, he retills ground that has been cultivated previously. Factually this book contains little in the way of additional information about American labor. Professor Rayback's contribution is rather in the manner in which he has handled his factual information. Throughout he never separates labor from the total skein of American life. Always labor is intimately related—as it was and still is—to the economic, political, social, and educational aspects of American activity. Not only will it be useful as a text, but the layman who desires a compact, well-written history of American labor from the beginning of the colonial period to the present will profit from reading this volume.

"The A. F. of L. from the Death of Gompers to the Merger" is a companion volume to the monumental and authoritative "The A. F. of L. in the Time of Gompers." In terms of scholarship and productivity Philip Taft, chairman of the Department of Economics at Brown University, is the dean or elder statesman of those who at present confine themselves to the field of American labor history. Following the same general approach as the first volume of this study and relying primarily upon official records of the American Federation of Labor, the book is a remarkable account of the activities of the A. F. of L. as an institution itself. Henceforth those who would ascertain the attitude and action of the A. F. of L. on wages, hours, social security, taxation, housing, education, foreign policy, Communism, corruption, Negro workers, and more than a score of other items that have concerned the organization will find this book indispensable.

Each of the thirty-four chapters is followed by a list of references consulted by the author. No one can read his book without realizing that many of the problems which beset organized labor today are deeply rooted in the era examined so meticulously by Professor Taft. Every student of American labor history and of the broader aspects of sociological, economic, and political activity will be everlastingly indebted to him.

Lester Velie, the author of "Labor U.S.A." is currently a roving editor from the *Reader's Digest.* He regards himself as a journalist and not an historian. Many of those acquainted



Lester Velie—"search for answers."

with him and the fruits of his labor are prone to think of him as belonging to that interesting guild of journalistic historians whose number is apparently increasing. A native of Wisconsin, he began his journalistic career with the Associated Press, then shifted to the *New York Journal of Commerce,* and in 1946 joined *Colliers* as an associate editor. While in this post he wrote a series of authoritative articles on underworld political influence that won him high journalistic honors. Disclosures in this series were used by Estes Kefauver to convince his Senate colleagues of the urgent need for a Senate investigation of crime. Soon after joining the staff of the *Reader's Digest,* Velie launched a series of articles on labor which immediately attracted national attention. Not only did they contribute significantly to the ferment resulting in the McClellan Committee hearing but ultimately to the contents of the volume here reviewed.

The twenty chapters of "Labor U.S.A." are with one exception a series of portrayals of individuals, from Samuel Gompers to James Hoffa, who have played important roles in shaping the past and present of American labor. The portrayals, as the author frankly explains, were the result of

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his search for answers to numerous questions including: What is a union? Who are labor leaders and why? Why are some unions corrupt? Who corrupts whom? Why do gangsters infiltrate some unions? What do unions actually do?

For this reviewer the most penetrating chapter in the book is the last, entitled "When Machines Don't Need Men—What of Labor U.S.A.?" In this chapter Velie looks ahead to what the unfolding second industrial revolution caused by automation will do to labor. Here he pictures both the hope and the terror that the new manless machines bring to union leaders and union men. The contents of this chapter alone, and the questions to which it gives rise, are of outstanding significance not only to union members and their spokesmen but to every citizen of the nation. The documentation of each chapter adds to the book's usefulness.

Like Mr. Velie, the author of "The Crisis of American Labor" happily combines a flare for journalism and historical research and interpretation. Moreover, having worked in the American labor movement for a quarter of a century, he has the advantage of drawing upon first-hand observation and experience. Like Mr. Velie he, too, reviews the history of big labor in America, gives biographical sketches of its more prominent leaders, and discusses racketeers.

In Sidney Lens's opinion the most significant feature of American labor unionism is that it operates within a framework of democratic capitalism. The pattern of union development, he holds, adheres closely to the social environment. Its successes and failures mirror closely the ups and downs of that milieu; like mass-production industry, in good times unions prosper and in bad times weaken or go out of existence. The Daniel Tobins and Dave Becks, who were once poor men, like so many other Americans—including industrial magnates—cut ethical corners in their rush to ascend the social-economic ladder. As a consequence, a number of America's labor leaders, especially in recent years, have become money-minded, fortune-seekers. Their unions have become institutionalized and they themselves have lost the evangelical zeal to carry on in the interest of brotherhood and humanitarian reform. In other words, they have lost sight of their basic mission. Even worse, at the very time when America itself is in a crisis, the leaders of labor have failed to rise above the narrowness of their epoch and to chart a new direction. This, Mr. Lens believes, is at the heart of the crisis in which American labor finds itself.

In his last chapter, entitled "The Unfinished Revolution," after again emphasizing the importance of the crusading spirit and the need for American labor to rekindle the fires of idealism, Mr. Lens briefly discusses the three factors that he believes directly challenge labor today:

1) The second industrial revolution developing from automation and atomic energy, which threaten to change both the character of the work force and of the work itself;

2) the tens of millions of unorganized workers;

3) and most important—the permanent world crisis, which places the United States at its fourth great historical turning point.

Finally, Mr. Lens pleads for greater democracy in union affairs. Unmistakably he is opposed to letting the "big boys" run things. Dictatorships breed corruption and indifference on the part of the rank and file, and lower morale.

This book is a must for every person who seeks a better understanding of organized labor and union methods during the last half century. The constructive program Mr. Lens would have labor adopt for the years ahead is both realistic and judicious.

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Personal History

Continued from page 19

Billy Mitchell when he insisted on reforms and changes in combat techniques; his unorthodox ideas won him notoriety, slow promotion, and early eclipse. At forty-seven he was a retired colonel fishing back in Louisiana when Chiang Kai-shek brought him to China as an air advisor. That was 1937. It wasn't till 1941 that he was able to get the planes (P-40s) and pilots from the USA to set up the American Volunteer Group in China and finally prove the soundness of his theories on offensive and defensive fight tactics. After four years of helplessness under the gleeful, merciless pounding of Japanese aircraft, China had at last found a redeemer and Chungking could begin to sleep at night. The Chinese worshipped Chennault, looked upon his men as dragon-slayers, and called them Flying Tigers.

Chennault so skilfully dispersed and handled his A.V.G. force that the Japanese never realized he had no more than fifty planes operating at any time, and fewer than 100 pilots. They downed a total of 297 enemy craft in the six months between Pearl Harbor and July 4, 1942, when the Flying Tigers merged with an enlarged China Air Task Force and came under Scott's command. At the same time Chennault was reinducted into the U.S. Army and took command of the Fourteenth Air Force. With his combined fighter-pursuit and bomber craft Chennault won victories "without parallel in the story of air power in World War II," according to General George C. Kenney. "In no other theatre was so much destruction caused to the enemy by so small a force."

—*Wide World.*

Claire Chennault—"a magnificent warrior."

While, in part, "Flying Tiger" is the old story of interservice rivalry, and, as history, its political judgments might be disputed, Scott's book is nevertheless an eloquent tribute to a magnificent warrior, as well as a grand adventure story likely to interest Hollywood. —EDGAR SNOW.

A Sensitive Social Conscience

"I Speak for Myself," by John Haynes Holmes *(Harper. 308 pp. $4.50), steadies one's vision of this century's dizzy years. The distinguished minister's memoirs are reviewed by Roscoe Thornton Foust, director of Special Services of the Seamen's Church Institute in New York.*

By Roscoe Thornton Foust

TO SEE one's own times through the eyes of one who understands them more than most, and affects them measurably by his own thought and action, is a stimulating experience. John Haynes Holmes, for more than fifty years the able, vigorous, and sometimes controversial minister of the liberal Community Church in New York City (1907-57), has written an autobiography which carries the fascinated reader with him from beginning to end.

Dr. Holmes's religion is a sensitive social conscience that leads to the action he believes it demands. Dramatically he takes his stand against the defilement and destruction of war, and dares to speak out against it. In particular, he believed war between the United States and Germany to be wrong, and in the days when preachers were presenting arms, Dr. Holmes spoke the more boldly for peace, and the more strongly against those in high ecclesiastical places who were betraying their Christian faith in so doing.

When World War II burst into flame, he had been minister of the Community Church for thirty-five years. He had lived, he writes, "with myself and my congregation for more than a quarter of a century, in the most awful period of history known to man, without reproach or fear. We understood one another, and needed no confession or instruction to tell us how we felt about war in general and this war in particular." There was not now the same agony of spirit as in World War I as to what he should do, but there was the same sure and solemn dedication to concerned people the world over whose confused silence found words in him in his unrelenting search for the things that belong to man's peace.

This search led him to be one of the founders of the American Civil Liberties Union, and he helped to organize the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. He entered wholeheartedly and effectively into a crusade to clean up New York City politics. In fact, almost every movement aimed at the extension of human liberties or human welfare looked to him for guidance and support, and was not disappointed. This is a stirring record of stirring times, and as we read Dr. Holmes's account of them, we, with him, are there once more.

"IT is a happy and exciting life I've lived," he writes, "but what if I had to live it over again?" On the whole he has no regrets, but there are some things, he sees now, which he would do differently. First, he would be more of a family man, "by banishing from my heart that vanity which drew me away from my wife and children in pursuit of my career as a preacher, lecturer, and orator in general." Another thing would be different: he would give more time and attention to the church, and less (if necessary) to the outer world. He would also multiply and magnify the silent intervals of experience, the hours for meditation, worship, and prayer.

But these are the retrospective judgments which many a preacher has passed upon his active years from the comparative calm and quiet of retirement. Had these habits prevailed, it would not be the same John Haynes Holmes who now delights his readers as he speaks for himself; and one of the most courageous prophets of our day might never have been heard. Indeed, though the particular liberal school of unorthodoxy to which he belongs is likely to embrace a faith devoid of immortality, the eager, active Dr. Holmes insists that there is not an atom of evidence against immortality, and the speculative argument finds him on the side of the angels. "For what can be more natural than this conception of death not as the end, but as the transition, a period of rest, between this world and the next." Like Dr. Holmes, it speaks the eternal "Yea" as life's answer to itself.

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Books for Young People

THERE is so much that is exciting about the making of books for children and their use by children—the many fine new titles, the emphasis on the teaching of reading by the schools, the children who are reading for pleasure and for information, the great number of books that are purchased, and the increase in circulation of books from libraries for youth—that it is a pity that newspapers and newsmagazines feature children's books only when there is some highly critical or misinformed interpretation given to them. Such occasions fail to present to readers in the right perspective the truly remarkable present-day phenomenon which is children's books.

Reviewers for this issue: Margaret Mahon, children's librarian, Greenville, S. C., Public Library; Norma Rathbun, coordinator of Work with Youth, Milwaukee, Wis., Public Library, and Sara H. Wheeler, assistant professor, School of Librarianship, University of Washington.

—Frances Lander Spain,
Coordinator, Children's Services,
The New York Public Library.

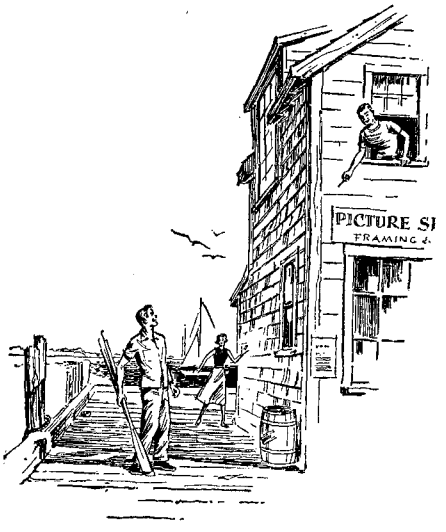
—From "Jeanne-Marie at the Fair."

—From "Norman the Doorman."

NORMAN THE DOORMAN. *Story and pictures by Don Freeman. Viking.* $3. Adults as well as children will be delighted with the whimsical text and colorful illustrations of this story of an ingenious mouse who won an art contest with his creation made from mousetraps. The rodent, Norman, is allowed to choose his own award, a tour unmolested by guards through the art museum, and this tour catches the mood and spirit of that institution as did Maestro Petrini's adventures in the Metropolitan Opera House in the author's well-loved "Pet of the Met." —Norma Rathbun.

JEANNE-MARIE AT THE FAIR. *By Françoise. Scribner's.* $2.95. This fifth picture book in a popular series is as colorful as peppermint candies. Our heroine goes to the fair with her father, leaving her pet sheep, Patapon, sadly at home. The fair is gay for Jeanne-Marie, with music, merry-go-rounds, friends, delicacies, and a lovable prize doll. But it is alarming for Patapon, who breaks his tether and is frightened by an elephant before he finds his mistress and is taken home on her father's scooter through the French countryside to a restless sleep at the foot of Jeanne-Marie's bed. —Sara H. Wheeler.

TREE HOUSE ISLAND. *By Scott Corbett. Illustrated by Gordon Hansen. Little, Brown.* $3. Skip Ellis and Harvey Harding become suspicious of the two strangers, calling themselves ornithologists, who ask the boys to row them to Tree House Island, then request the townspeople of Goose Harbor to leave them undisturbed for two weeks. When they find one man hiding a revolver, and then see the two of them digging, they decide to act. Staking a watch on the island, with the help of Gumbo Phillips and Lee Rand, they are thrown headlong into grave danger and conflict with two murderous criminals.



—From "Tree House Island."

Flashes of humor and an objective style give a tone of wholesome adventure to this mystery story, which will appeal especially to boys of eleven to fifteen.

—Margaret Mahon.

MY NAME IS . . . A Game of Letters and Their Sounds. *By Lois Baker Muehl. Illustrated by Aldren A. Watson. Holiday House.* $2.95. Play with letters is the suggestion of this little book, which introduces on each double-page spread, a new child alphabetically named. The simple text then tells about him in words using his initial letter as often as possible: "My name is Zelma. I wish I had a zoo. In it I want a zebra and a gazelle and a buzzard and a grizzly bear and a chimpanzee." Orange and green illustrations, occasionally harsh and cluttered, contribute action and humor to this alphabet game.

—S. H. W.

BAMBINO GOES HOME. *Story and pictures by Georges Schreiber. Viking.* $3. The little clown, Bambino, is even more endearing than when we first met him twelve years ago. This time he and Jimmy, an American boy, meet on a ship taking them to Italy, Bambino's old home. Jimmy is apprehensive about going to a strange country, but with Bambino's help learns that "you can eat 'in Italian,' you can laugh 'in Italian,' and, most important of all, you can be happy 'in Italian,' for that's all you need to get along."

The author-artist has harmonized text and pictures to give us a book of affectionate appeal. —M. M.

MARCO'S CHANCE. *By Miriam Young. Illustrated by Don Sibley. Harcourt, Brace.* $3. An uninhibited, bubbling optimism pervades this story about

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twelve-year-old Marco Radiche. He and his mother have recently arrived from Italy to join Mr. Radiche in America. Marco at once makes friends and begins to adapt to American ways, but his shy mother often lets a tear drop as she goes about her household tasks, longing for her homeland. Marco's unconventional and amusing efforts to do something for his mother that will give a touch of Italy to her American life come to a climax that leaves the reader feeling warm and happy.

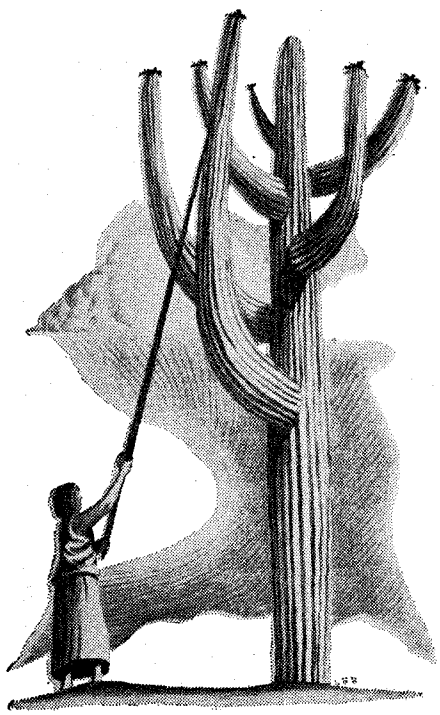
This glow is inherent in the illustrations. —M. M.

THE SECRET HORSE. *Written and illustrated by Marion Holland. Little, Brown.* $3. Summer vacation begins on a low note in the Baxter household, for Vickie is in a petulant mood. This small suburbanite adores horses, and there is no money for one—no money even for camp. Good fortune soon shines, however, in the person of Gail, the new girl next door, who proves a loyal and practical collaborator in the abduction and surreptitious care of an old abandoned horse. A series of events involving one jalopy-driving brother, an unpredictable nuisance, a preoccupied mother, and a sweet-sour hermit—though sometimes lacking in plausibility—bring about a satisfying conconclusion. The book is effectively illustrated.

—S. H. W.

BRUMBY, THE WILD WHITE STALLION. *By Mary Elwyn Patchett. Illustrated by Gerald McCann. Bobbs-Merrill.* $3. Whether Mrs. Patchett is writing about a half-wild pet dog, a girl's favorite horse, a cat, or the wild Australian horses called brumbies, there is strength, a feeling for locale, and realism in her stories. Here she relates a lonely boy's dream of starting a horse farm from the wild brumby stock and the promise of its fulfillment. In the telling, the boy grows up through poignant experiences, and the great silver-gray brumby comes through exciting and often breathtaking adventures.

—F. L. S.



—From "This Is the Desert."

THIS IS THE DESERT. *By Phil Ault. Illustrated by Leonard Everett Fisher. Dodd, Mead.* $2.75. The executive editor of the Associated Desert Newspapers of California has written a comprehensive and colorful story of nature, people, and legends in an area comprising nearly one-sixth of the United States which, throughout our history, has been a challenge to the pioneer, the prospector, and the engineer, and which still remains a vastness only partially tamed.

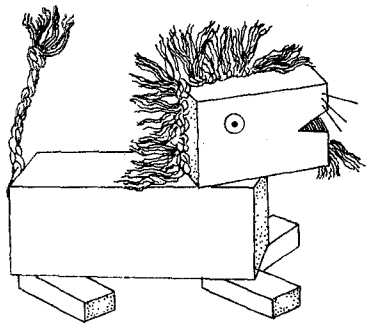
Striking black-and-white illustrations make this a fascinating book. Readers of good adventure, and young scientists and archeologists from twelve on, will go to it for much pleasure and information. —N. R.

A WAY OF KNOWING: A Collection of Poems for Boys. *Compiled by Gerald McDonald. Illustrated by Clare and John Ross. Crowell.* $3.50. "It is not always ready to be bagged," says Mr. McDonald in his introductory statement about a poem's hidden idea. Latent poetry readers and listeners of any age or sex will, however, be enticed by this librarian's selections to "bag" the hidden meanings. For here are kernels of truth about nature and beauty and courage, as well as laughter and reasons why. More than 100 poets are represented, including John Keats, John Masefield, James Stephens, Vachel Lindsay, and Robert Frost. Gathered from a great variety of sources are cowboy songs, ballads, hero poems, gay rhymes, and deeply spiritual verses. Emphasis is on rhythmic, rhyming verse with little of distinctly modern style. Effective line drawings contribute to this beautifully designed book, which is a welcome addition for intermediates and warmly recommended for reading aloud.

There is an index of titles, authors, and first lines. —S. H. W.

RIDE THE WHITE TIGER. *By Roger W. Clark. Illustrated by Kim Clark. Little, Brown.* $3. This true story, which takes its title from an old legend of bravery, is about a fourteen-year-old boy in Seoul during the Korean War. When Kim's father is taken by the enemy, his life changes from one of easy adolescence into an adulthood with grave responsibility for his family and his country.

There is sadness, bravery, dignity, and touches of rare humor in this powerful story of a boy who is now the adopted son of the author and the illustrator of the book. —N. R.

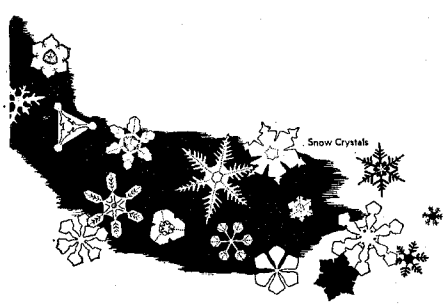


—From "Workshop of Your Own."

A WORKSHOP OF YOUR OWN. *By Martha Lincoln and Katherine Torrey. Houghton Mifflin.* $2.50. A number of interesting wooden toys can be made by following the directions for using basic tools and patterns given in this excellent book done by the owners of a spectacularly successful workshop for children. The nine- to eleven-year-olds can use it independently, and the younger ones can use it with the help of grownups. It will afford both parents and children profitable fun in a home workshop. —M. M.

WONDERS UNDER A MICROSCOPE. *Written and illustrated by Margaret Cosgrove. Dodd, Mead.* $2.95. In this important book the author-illustrator shows the reader that the microscope is the "space-ship" which will carry him to a mysterious and wonderful world that lies at his fingertips, and that, even without a microscope, one can have this thrill vicariously by reading about the findings of those who use one. Miss Cosgrove tells the reader what to look for in buying a microscope, how to use it, and how to record the findings.

The accurate and perceptive drawings, the scientific and sensitive text, give us a book both useful and inspiring. —M. M.



—From "Wonders Under a Microscope."

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Travel

Continued from page 30

Lodge and Under-Secretary Dillon were shut out of the Presidential elevator by the police and wound up lost on the mezzanine.

Nonetheless, the Exhibit got good marks in the U.S. press. *The New York Times* called it "brilliant." *Variety*, the show-business newspaper, in a front-page streamer headline that could be read two ways shouted, "Red Square on Columbus Circle." If there was any doubt that *Variety* was having more than a joke, its second deck agreed that the Russians had indeed mastered the art of showmanship. "Soviets Savvy Show Biz Pitch," it said in an alliterative bow.

To whoever could read these reports on the far side of the Curtain, the reviews by the U.S. press were ample proof that American newspapers and magazines are not necessarily prejudiced, nor are they the capitalist tools of the Communist-hating ruling classes. The reports that have appeared here stand in marked contrast, it seems to me, with the bitter tirade that has broken out in the Russian papers and magazines these last few weeks, an attempt to discredit as pure propaganda the American National Exhibition, which opens in Moscow July 25th. There were eye-witness accounts from Soviet tourists only recently in the U.S.—the professor who was horrified by the unshaven young "man of thirty-five who asked for a cigarette;" even Ulanova, who gallantly came to her country's offense with some critical words for the USA, where she had only recently performed. The role was not new to Ulanova, who was the alleged authoress of a propaganda-ridden booklet on the dance, which was sold at the Brussels Exhibition.

The anti-American softening-up propaganda barrage laid down in Russia during the last weeks is an indication of the insecurity that Russian leaders are suffering over the sentiments of their own citizens. Soviet progress, Soviet aims, and the means they will use to achieve them are all personified in their show at New York. Although the Russians seem secure enough to permit Americans to roam much of the Soviet Union sampling the Russian progress, they apparently have different notions about letting Soviet masses see the U.S. in the flesh. Whereas an estimated 10,000 Americans will travel to Russia this year, the westward traffic in Soviet tourists will scarcely be more than the three small groups who trickled in last year.

—HORACE SUTTON.

Handwriting

Continued from page 10

discovered that it's a mistake to try to revamp your handwriting all at once. Tackle a single letter at a time. When you've mastered its improved form and made it an integral part of your style, start on another letter.

Remedial action has also been taken in the schools of New England. The New England School Development Council, with a membership of 150 school systems, appointed a handwriting committee which discovered that far too many of elementary- and high-school pupils did not know how to sit properly, how to hold their pens or pencils, or how to tell what was wrong with the way they wrote. A committee drafted and distributed a teacher's guide, "Handwriting Today," which has revitalized penmanship programs.

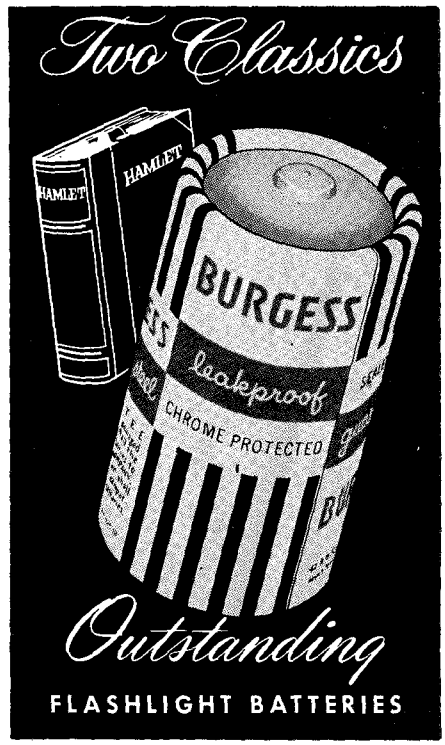
Heading the committee's list of common handwriting faults is the failure to round over and under strokes—writing tinny so that it looks like timmy, or hue so that it looks like hun. Another troublesome mistake is failure to extend long loops far enough above or below the writing line, so that instead of fan we write ban, and instead of a good recognizable g, we write something like y.

"Handwriting," says Lewis Mumford, "is an art open to any amateur, for the delight he gets from it himself and the further pleasure he gives to others." With a little care all of us can write more clearly, showing that we respect the written word and, above all, the reader.

A final word of advice: When you start your improvement program, tell your bank and credit-card companies what you're up to. My bank telephoned me a few days after I'd started to brush up *my* handwriting. "Better come in," the manager said, "I think we've got a forgery." I drove down and looked at the check. It was my new signature; the only difference between it and the old one was that you could read it.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. "The Old Curiosity Shop" (Dickens). 2. "She Walks in Beauty" (Byron). 3. "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" (Hardy). 4. "Velvet Shoes" (Elinor Wylie). 5. "Jane Eyre" (Brontë). 6. "Good Hours" (Frost). 7. "From Here to Eternity" (Jones). 8. "The Spring and the Fall" (Millay). 9. "The Pilgrim's Progress" (Bunyan). 10. "Ego Dominus Tuus" (Yeats).



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English Periodicals

Continued from page 12

serves too, in this scene, a tendency toward rigidification of ideas, and away from universality of opinion—that is to say, more and more people read the same things, and the amount of debate and variety of opinion is thereby diminished. Moreover, many of the papers listed above tend to be read by specialists, and ideas do not move easily out of the intellectual group and into society. All in all, one is painfully conscious that there is no English *Partisan* or *Kenyon* or *Hudson*, and that there was a chastening period in English letters when the best literary magazines available were American reviews presented gratis to English libraries under the benevolent but forcing stimulus of the Ford Foundation. A new serious critical quarterly, say, given to asking specifically for good criticism and short stories, seems to me to have a place in English life.

But how is it to be started (I have tried)? First, the old *mystique* that if there are not enough people to support the existence of a product on a commercial basis it should not exist is clearly unreasonable; ideas and literary works are not commodities, and the old law of supply and demand in the field of culture becomes out of date when there are manifest reasons for the claim that the serious periodical needs to survive. What is at stake is the function of the intelligence within the society. But the necessary subsidies are not forthcoming, either from universities or big business (which has not developed, in England, the mode of conspicuous consumption in public relations now common in America). The English literary scene is, necessarily, more concentrated than the American, and it may be considered that the present situation of a few reviews forming a small common center serves very well. Perhaps so; but I'm confident that, given the stimulus of someone's asking for it, criticism and short stories of a quality not now being produced could be drawn from the English literary scene. What we now need in England is something that has already developed in America—a recognition of the rights of the literate public within the structure of the mass culture. The BBC's Third Programme points the way; but even that is regarded by many as over-generous to the highbrows, and we may have to wait some time before we find many people who view the subsidized literary and intellectual periodical as a means of discharging their responsibilities to the segment of society who keep ideas alive.

Deaf-Mutes at the Ball Game

By Josephine Jacobsen

IN THE hot sun and dazzle of grass,
The wind of noise is men's voices

A torrent of tone, a simmer of roar,
And bats crack, bags break, flags follow themselves.

The hawkers sweat and gleam in the wind of noise,
The tools of ignorance crouch and give the sign.

The deaf-mutes sit in the hurricane's eye,
The shell-shape ear and the useless tongue

Present, but the frantic fingers' pounce-and-bite
Is sound received and uttered.

If they blink their lids—then the whole gaudy circle
With its green heart and ritual figures

Is suddenly not: leaving two animal-quick
Wince-eyed things alone; with masses and masses

And masses of rows of seats of men
Who move their lips and listen.

While secret secret sits inside
Each, his deaf-mute; fingerless.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1321

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Triumphant word in chess.	87 82 59 159 143 38 80 109 73
B. Somber, unostentatious, not abundant.	26 63 123 198 37 29
C. Sticking together physically.	28 107 79 83 96 178 121 147
D. Cleave.	76 99 151 7
E. Shaped like a ram's head.	138 136 97 167 130 25 89 141 6 202
F. Said to be nonexistent for peaceful, good government; for the poor, short and simple.	84 10 100 126 118 133
G. Piece of stupidity.	19 75 185 86 41 22 176
H. In certain communistic societies, marriage in which every man is regarded as the husband of every woman, etc.	134 158 58 24 181 148 88 31 12
I. Protagonist of "Finnegans' Wake."	52 67 85 1 61 139 182 15 169
J. Four, eight, and twelve o'clock on shipboard (2 wds.).	55 128 191 2 40 72 9 98 161 172
K. The snout beetles, curculios, and weevils.	157 16 68 132 101 166 163 39 14 57 51 195
L. Atrociously wicked.	95 168 142 21 81 35 137 203 113 125
M. Conrad wrote about one "of the Islands" and Bret Harte about several "of Poker Flat"	17 32 13 156 92 47 173
N. Not meant.	18 69 192 62 199 155 175 149 91 124
O. Cleft.	114 105 177 71
P. Subject of the recent biography "The Man Who Lived Twice" (surname).	5 54 77 106 30 150 193
Q. One of Frank R. Stockton's ladies cast away at sea (2 wds.).	116 179 120 140 50 33 160 108
R. The other such lady.	165 186 131 65 49 146 204 3
S. Accurately imitating the living thing.	27 46 164 102 119 197 127 162
T. Reddish in the modern sense.	60 183 111 48 94 44 171
U. Followed by Word V, legerdemain.	115 196 187 104 194 34 129
V. See Word U (2 wds.).	70 36 154 117 4 145
W. Lacking consecration.	135 42 90 56 201 188 184
X. Famous 19th-cent. Swiss chocolate manufacturer.	190 180 23 153 11 43
Y. Simoom (2 wds.).	8 122 45 53 64 78 174 93 74
Z. Art of punctuation.	144 170 189 152 66 20 110 200 112 205 103

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

1 I	2 J	3 R	4 V		S P	6 E	7 D	8 Y	9 J	10 F	11 X	12 H		13 M	14 K	15 I										
16 K	17 M	18 N	19 G	20 Z		21 L	22 G		23 X	24 H	25 E	26 B	27 S		28 C	29 B	30 P									
	31 H	32 M	33 Q	34 U		35 L	36 V		37 B	38 A	39 K	40 J	41 G	42 W	43 X	44 T	45 Y									
	46 S	47 M		48 T	49 R	50 Q	51 K	52 I		53 Y	54 P	55 J		56 W	57 K	58 H	59 A									
60 T	61 I	62 N	63 B	64 Y	65 R		66 Z	67 I	68 K		69 N	70 V	71 O		72 J	73 A										
74 Y	75 G	76 D	77 P		78 Y	79 C	80 A	81 L		82 A	83 C	84 F	85 I	86 G		87 A	88 H									
89 E		90 W	91 N	92 M	93 Y		94 T	95 L		96 C	97 E	98 J	99 D	100 F	101 K	102 S										
103 Z	104 U	105 O	106 P	107 C	108 Q		109 A	110 Z		111 T	112 Z	113 L	114 O		115 U	116 Q	117 V									
118 F	119 S		120 Q	121 C	122 Y	123 B	124 N	125 L		126 F		127 S	128 J	129 U	130 E	131 R	132 K									
133 F		134 H	135 W	136 E	137 L		138 E		139 I	140 Q	141 E	142 L	143 A	144 Z		145 V	146 R									
147 C	148 H	—	149 N	150 P	151 D	152 Z		153 X	154 V	155 N		156 M	157 K	158 H	159 A	160 Q	161 J									
162 S		163 K	164 S		165 R		166 K	167 E	168 L	169 I	170 Z	171 T	172 J	173 M	174 Y	175 N	176 G									
	177 O	178 C	179 Q	180 X		181 H		182 I	183 T	184 W	185 G	186 R	187 U		188 W	189 Z	190 X									
191 J	192 N	193 P	194 U		195 K		196 U	197 S	198 B	199 N	200 Z	201 W		202 E	203 L	204 R	205 Z									

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 7 of this issue.

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Kings Mountain National Military Park, South Carolina, where the Tories met defeat, October 7, 1780

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★ ★ ★

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